The Nation.

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The Week.

THE immigration to this country during the year just closed is likely to prove about 100,000 smaller than it was during 1888, when it was a little more than half a million. There has been a pretty steady decline since 1882, when the tide reached its highest point, bringing into the country in that year about 720,000 aliens. Germany continues to send the largest number coming from any single country, nearly 100,000. England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales combined send about 140,000. From Norway and Sweden the tide is still strong, as it has been for many years, about 45,000 coming this year. The totals for 1889 will complete the record for seventy years, during which accurate statistics have been compiled. These will show that the United States has received from foreign countries since 1820 an aggregate of about 15,000,000 of people, of whom Great Britain has sent about 6,000,000, Germany about 4,500,000, Norway and Sweden about 800,000, and France about 350,000. Ireland alone has sent nearly 3,500,000.

Congressman McCreary of Kentucky is quoted as expressing the opinion that the Republicans in Congress will drop both the Sherman and the Chandler Federal Election Bills, and concentrate their strength on a bill which will practically give the control of Congressional elections to United States district judges. But it will prove as impossible to unite the party in favor of such a bill as it has proved to be in the case of the Sherman and Chandler bills. The trouble is, that a number of the United States district judges, both North and South, are Democrats; and instead of putting Congressional elections under the control of Republicans, the proposed change would intrust power to Democratic judges in Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and California at the North, and in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Texas at the South. The Republicans will not pass such a bill when they find out what it really means.

It is alleged by colored Republicans of Birmingham, Ala., that there is "an attempt to reverse the results of the late war, and to nullify the Constitution and laws of the United States under which we hold our civil and political rights." The attempt is not made by wicked Democrats, but by white Republicans, who have organized what they call the White League in an effort to establish a Republican party with which the negro shall have nothing to do. The leader in this attempt is Lewis A. Parsons, who has been appointed by President Harrison United States District Attorney for that portion of Alabama, and whose nomination is now pending before the Senate. The colored Republicans of Birmingham have held a mass-meeting, and adopted resolutions declaring "that the appointment of said Parsons was a mistake, that his confirmation by the Senate would be an insult to the colored voters of the United States, and would produce a serious loss of voters to the Republican party in all the States"; and praying the Senate to reject his nomination. There is abundant food for reflection in this incident.

A list of "commercial headstones" in the wool and woollen trade (manufacturing and mercantile) is given by *Bradstreet's* for the years 1888 and 1889, together with the assets and liabilities of the failed concerns, which foot up as follows:

	No. of failures.	Liabilities.	Assets.
1888.			
Wool-dealers.....	8	$536,000	$253,000
Manufacturers	49	3,101,000	1,723,000
Total	57	$3,637,000	$1,976,000
1889.			
Wool-dealers.....	11	$2,293,000	$1,381,000
Manufacturers	61	8,149,000	5,651,000
Total	72	$10,442,000	$7,032,000

It appears from this that the number of woollen failures under the Harrison Administration has been about 15 per cent. greater than under that of Cleveland, while the liabilities of the failed concerns have been about 150 per cent. greater, and the actual losses (difference between assets and liabilities) 100 per cent. greater. It is not supposed that a mere change of administration has caused the difference or had any influence one way or the other, but the facts may serve to induce reflection and a becoming reserve on the part of those orators and editor men who predicted great business prosperity, especially in manufacturing industry, in case Mr. Harrison should be elected. The effect of Secretary Windom's worsted decision to restore prosperity does not seem to have been anything remarkable.

The steel bark *Fong Suey*, sailing under the Hawaiian flag, arrived at Philadelphia the other day, from the harbor of Manila, with a cargo of 1,680 tons of raw sugar, which she discharged at the Harrison refinery. She was then towed around empty to New York, although she might have carried 1,680 tons of coal as easily as not, and would have done so had such carrying not been prohibited by our navigation laws. The *Fong Suey* will load at this port with petroleum for Manila, and in due time come back with another cargo of raw sugar. She is owned by an American, but since he cannot obtain an American registry for her (the vessel having been built in England), he sails her under the flag of King Kalakaua. There is no law against that. She is probably as fine a specimen of sailing craft as can be found in any part of the world, requiring for her proper handling and navigation no more men than were required for a 300-ton vessel forty years ago. Her captain is an American citizen. In fact, she is altogether American except as to her colors and her registry, for, although built in England, she ceased to be English when she was turned over to her present owner. That she is earning money for him may be inferred from the fact that she keeps going. He is not moved by patriotic feeling to fly the Hawaiian colors on the high seas, as he is not a subject of that country. He accepts the hospitality of Hawaii because his own country denies him the privilege of flying the American flag. He would be better off, and the United States would be better off, if he could have an American registry, in which case the *Fong Suey* would perhaps be known to Lloyds as the *Benjamin Harrison* or the *Grover Cleveland*. Meanwhile, a lot of people in Washington city and elsewhere are bewailing the decline of American shipping and the disappearance of the stars and stripes from the ocean, and wondering whether a subsidy or a bounty from the Treasury would not be a good thing for ships.

The Washington correspondent of the Topeka *Capitol* has been taking the opinions of the Kansas members of Congress on the subject of the duties on sugar and salt. Mr. Peters says that he is opposed to any change in the duty on salt, and that he is waiting to hear from the sugar industry in Kansas before deciding the other question. He is opposed to the bounty on home-grown sugar, because he thinks it could not be permanently maintained. If the duty on sugar were repealed and a bounty substituted in place of it, and if the bounty should prove unpopular, and Congress should repeal that also, where should we be? No, you will not catch Peters with any such chaff as that. Major Morrill believes that Kansas can produce salt as cheaply as any State or country, and therefore he is in favor of repealing the salt duty, and in this Gen. Kelley and Mr. Turner agree with him; but Senator Ingalls and Judge Perkins and Mr. Funston are, for the same reason, in favor of retaining the duty. Senator Plumb and Mr. Anderson were not prepared to express any opinion on either question. All the members who said anything said that they should be governed as to the sugar duties by the wishes of the sorghum-producers. Regarding salt, one member said that Kansas was now producing the article at 56 cents per barrel profitably and paying 27 cents of that for the barrel itself. This means that the salt is produced profitably at 29 cents per barrel. Is not this a good reason for maintaining a duty of 12 cents per hundred pounds at the seaboard, 1,500 miles distant? There were plenty of Congressmen last year

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who could prove to you that the less the cost of producing salt, the greater was the need of a duty on the foreign article, and we doubt not some such will turn up in both House and Senate this year when that schedule of the tariff is reached.

Mr. Herbert Root, a Dakota banker, has written an open letter to Secretary Windom, making a strong plea, in behalf of North Dakota and northeast Minnesota, for the use of wheat as a basis for paper currency like the certificates which Mr. Windom proposes to issue against silver. He shows that wheat was the earliest Anglo-Saxon measure of value; that it regulated rents in England down to a very recent period; that its value has not in 3,000 years varied more than that of silver; that, unlike silver, it has never in any country or age been discredited or thrown out of use; and that it is always and everywhere in demand, as one of the necessaries of life, which silver is not. He proves the superiority of wheat to silver as the basis of a circulating medium by the following undoubted facts: (1) the universal usefulness of wheat as compared to the limited usefulness of silver; (2) the possession by wheat of a special market value at every town, city, and hamlet, while silver has a market value only at the great financial centres; (3) the consumability of wheat, preventing its inordinate accumulation, as compared to the indestructibility of silver; (4) the production of wheat by the people instead of, like silver, by a few millionaires, thus making a monopoly in it impossible; (5) the possibility of always finding a market abroad for the Government wheat when its store becomes excessive; (6) the great security against robbery offered by wheat, owing to its bulk and the difficulty of transporting it. The objection that a wheat currency would require large storehouses, he meets by asking what better use Government could make of its money than building large storehouses; that the national wheat product must be stored somewhere, and the Government can store it to better advantage than anybody else; and that in any case such granaries would be a more useful public possession than the silver vaults. There is no doubt that Mr. Root makes out a strong case, and Mr. Windom will find it very difficult to answer him, especially if he is backed up, as he doubtless will be, by the Great Northwest. But he has not apparently perceived the suggestion which his plan contains for the iron-men and the copper-men. Will they not also demand the use of their commodity as a basis for Government certificates?

The absorption by English capitalists of American breweries, grain elevators, flouring mills, etc., has been looked upon with disfavor by nearly everybody except the sellers of the property. On the other side of the water, too, the purchases have been deprecated by so high an authority as the *Economist*, on the ground that the transactions represented a craze similar to that which has periodically seized the British investing public ever since the days of the South Sea bubble. Meanwhile the absorbing goes on without any signs of satiety. A class of promoters have taken the field, and it is quite certain that their activity will not cease as long as John Bull has any appetite for American property. They scour the country to find dividend-paying plants that the owners are willing to part with at some price, and then they go to London and organize syndicates to take them up. These syndicates are promoters in the second degree. They take the property in a lump and sell it out in the form of shares to small investors. Both sets of promoters get a commission.

There is nothing new or alarming in these transactions. British capitalists have been investing in our railroads, our silver mines, and our cattle companies for a long time past. Before the days of railroads they invested largely in our canals. These later investments are merely a variation on the old tune, and, unless we are prepared to say that the introduction of new capital into the country is a bad thing for us, we cannot say that it is a disadvantage that the breweries of Newark or the mills of Minneapolis should be bought by Londoners. The fact that the price paid is satisfactory to the sellers is conclusive of the whole question so far as *we* are concerned. It is presumed that the sellers will know how to invest their money so that it will bring them at least as great a return as they were getting before. Whether the buyers will get as much profit out of the things bought as their predecessors obtained, is more doubtful, but that is their lookout. The mainspring of the whole movement is the fact that capital is accumulating in Great Britain more rapidly than it can be employed there. The island cannot contain it.

South Carolina's law-makers meet every year towards the close of November and adjourn the day before Christmas. The session just closed was chiefly notable for the defeat of two or three attempts by reactionists to change the policy of the State towards the education of the negro. One such attempt was a movement to secure a Constitutional amendment repealing the clause which requires the imposition of a certain minimum school tax, and another a motion to strike out of an appropriation bill an item of $5,000 for Claflin University, an institution where several hundred negroes are being trained in the class-room, the workshop, and the field. Each proposition was defeated by an overwhelming majority, the vote in the latter case being 99 to 9. The cause of popular education makes steady progress in South Carolina, as in every other State, although it has suffered much from the agitation of the policy of Federal aid, which has furnished an excuse for failure to increase school taxes as much as could and should have been done.

What has the Baltimore *Sun* in mind when it says: "Few men in public life have been more persistently misrepresented and traduced by political opponents than Gov. Hill"? Specifications upon this point would be interesting. The remark indicates that Gov. Hill's political opponents, and not he himself, are responsible for the general estimation of him as a statesman which prevails in all parts of the country. That estimation puts him down as an opponent of pressing reforms, as a supporter of undesirable public measures, and as a politician who relies mainly upon patronage and political trickery for his advancement. Who is responsible for these views of his character? Is he or is he not an opponent of such pressing reforms as high-license and improved-ballot laws? Has he not vetoed three successive high-license bills, the second of which was drawn to meet as nearly as possible all the recommendations which he made when he vetoed the first? If he has a bad reputation on that point, it is due to his own acts. Has he not also vetoed two ballot-reform bills, though they contained the same principles as are embodied in the laws which nine other States have enacted? If he stands to-day as the leading opponent of that reform, it is because of his own acts. Did he not enter into a "deal" with the Republicans of the Legislature to turn over the building of our new aqueduct to an unprincipled adventurer, whose character was perfectly well known to him at the time, and did he not sustain him and refuse to remove him until forced to do so by public opinion? Can even political opponents traduce a Governor who permits himself to engage in such performances as this was? As for the use of patronage, does he ever give office to any one except a Hill man, or look upon it otherwise than as being primarily a means for advancing his personal ambition? There is no man in the country to-day who better deserves his reputation than Gov. Hill does, for he has earned every particle of it by his own exertions.

The doubts which continue to be expressed as to the stability of, and indeed as to the existence of the Brazilian Republic, are largely based on the wide extent of its territory, the want of real community of interest between the provinces, the heterogeneous character of the population, and the ignorance and barbarism of a large portion of it. It is not enough, as every one knows, to get rid of a monarch in order to set up a republic. There must be enough community of ideas and aims among the people, and enough political capacity among their leaders, to reorganize the Government after the monarch has gone. Whether these things exist in the case of Brazil, time only will tell, and time must be allowed to tell. Everybody for this reason recognized the indiscretion of Mr. Henderson in trying to push the Pan-American Conference into a vote of welcome to the Brazilian Republic, and the great discretion of the Senate in resisting the attempt of Mr. Morgan to force a recognition of the Fonseca Government by ours. Any such haste would have come with probably worse grace from the United States than from any other Power in the world, considering the warmth with which we insisted on the importance of delay on the part of

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England and France in recognizing the Southern Confederacy. It takes a good while to ascertain the real results of a revolution. Any one who doubts this should recall the history of the first and second French republics, of the Spanish Republic of 1874, of the most of the South American republics, and of the Southern Confederacy.

But there is one element in the Brazilian problem which is more important than any, and which does not seem to have attracted all the attention it merits. No matter how widespread republican feeling may have been, or how slender the hold of the monarchy on popular affection, the fact is that the revolution was wrought by the army. It was "troops" that did the work. It was a general in full mutiny against his superior officer who gave the old Emperor notice to quit. It is this same mutineer who is now at the head of the Government. He holds the capital by military force. As far as we can make out, he issues orders to himself and is only answerable to himself. Has any permanent constitutional government, either monarchical or republican, been set up by such an instrumentality? We can recall none, unless the restoration of Charles II. by Gen. Monk can be called by that name. Human nature must, in fact, have undergone considerable change in Brazil if a parliamentary republic issues all at once from a military revolt, under the auspices of a general who gave a sovereign of fifty years' standing only twenty-four hours' notice to leave the country, and put him on shipboard as a prisoner. Everybody's head is more or less turned on all subjects by the possession of overwhelming physical force. Gen. Fonseca may prove an exception to this rule, but the presumptions are against it, and there is nothing disrespectful in a great distrust of him. The difficulties that are feared or expected about bringing the provinces into the republican line, will furnish him with plenty of excuse for maintaining a strong military force at the capital, and using it unflinchingly to repress what all saviours of society call "incendiary language."

President Celman has sent a special message to the Argentine Congress on the financial crisis through which the country is passing. In a preliminary statement, he maintains that the cause of the trouble is not to be sought in the depreciated currency, but that it is inherent in the nature of the case. Any new and rapidly expanding country, he says, has to go through the same thing. With a sudden development of all resources, the inflow of a great immigration, the building of extended lines of railways which have to be, for a time, comparatively unproductive, there must be, he argues, a demand for capital beyond the power of the country itself to supply. Hence came the flood of paper money and its consequent depreciation. As a clincher, he says that the present crisis is no worse than that experienced in 1872–76, when the country was on a gold basis. That the President perceives this to be rather hollow reasoning appears from the fact that he goes on to admit the state of things financially to be very bad, and to propose some measures to remedy what he had declared to be inevitable. He asks Congress to prohibit the further issue of paper money, as also of *cédulas* of the Mortgage Bank. He also wants the outstanding circulation to be called in and destroyed, until the total shall be reduced to $100,000,000. He would have the Government maintain a gold reserve of $80,000,000, recommends higher taxes on luxuries and lower on necessaries, and advises the suspension of public works voted but not actually begun. It is essential, he says, that the Government should be administered as economically as possible, and the surplus applied to the purchase and refunding of the outstanding 5 per cent. bonds. It is reported that this message itself has had the effect of bettering affairs somewhat, though foreign exchange still remains high, and gold continues to be quoted at a dizzy figure—considerably over 200.

The reassembling of the Cortes and the reopening of party struggles in Spain bring Sagasta no end of troubles. His effort to reorganize the Cabinet and to conciliate disaffected Liberals has thus far proved fruitless. Martos still resents his deposition from the Presidency of the Chamber, and declares that his honor forbids him to have any communication at all with the Prime Minister. Gamazo and his band of protectionist Liberals decline to make any alliance with Sagasta until the latter is prepared to surrender unconditionally to their programme. In like manner, Gen. Cassola insists upon the adoption by the Government of his scheme of military reform before he will give in his adhesion. Still, the situation is favorable to the continuance of Sagasta in power. He has the prestige of the bit of national glory won during the summer in the collision with the Sultan of Morocco. He has apparently the unlimited confidence of the Queen Regent, and can call upon her for any assistance within her power. Then he is pushing the universal-suffrage measure so as to win all possible popularity from that popular movement. The Opposition, it is true, have taunted him with insincerity in the matter, pointing to the empty Government benches as the debate goes on, but, sincere or not, Sagasta urges the bill, and has a great hold on the people in consequence. The greatest difficulty he has to face is the bad financial situation of the country. The deficit has been piling up for several years, at the rate of about $20,000,000 per annum, and shows no sign of falling below that figure. The Government is reaching out for every peseta in sight, proposing tobacco monopolies and suggesting the sale of the public salt works, but has nothing except such temporary shifts to propose, though the need of some thorough and comprehensive measure is urgent.

The action of the Italian Government in so soon repealing the differential duties laid on French imports in 1887 is a marked display of international good sense, at the same time that it is a rather conspicuous eating of humble pie. The measure was distinctly foreshadowed in the speech from the throne, and the Minister of Finance, Signor Seismit-Doda, at the time of introducing the Government bill into Parliament, made a long speech in explanation of the sudden reversal of policy. He frankly admitted that the original legislation had not been intended as permanent, but only as a move to bring France to terms in several pending disputes between the two countries. The scheme had failed disastrously, the Minister acknowledged. There had been a very great loss of trade to Italy, and smuggling had been enormously stimulated. The Government had seen its mistake, and now proposed to retrace its steps, and to do it without any haggling with France. The latter nation might or might not repeal its own retaliatory legislation; Italy was sick of the commercial warfare, and was going to end it so far as she was concerned. This decision has been received very favorably on both sides of the Alps. The French press—so far at least as it is represented by the *Republique Française*—is pleased at the situation, and says that France may be counted upon to go as far as Italy in removing the barriers to trade. The German press, on the contrary, is not altogether happy over the prospect of a reconciliation between two nations that Prince Bismarck has been trying to set by the ears.

The materials are evidently accumulating for an Anglo-German row between Stanley and Emin when the latter gets well and gets back to Europe, somewhat like that in which Sir Morell Mackenzie figured around the Emperor Frederick's deathbed. The Berlin *Tageblatt* severely criticises Stanley for his stories about Emin's vacillation, and threatens him with exposure when Emin comes home. Stanley's theory is that, after reaching Emin, through incredible hardships, he found him surrounded by mutinous troops, whom he (Stanley) had to thrash into subordination, and that for months Emin was unable to make up his mind whether to come away with him or stay behind, thus causing the whole party great delay and danger. The German theory is, that when Stanley reached Emin's territory, instead of commanding a real rescuing force, he was at the head of a small band of worn-out ragamuffins whose assistance seemed a mockery, and that Emin was naturally reluctant to abandon a province which he had ruled for years to go off with such a party. It will be seen that there are in these two opposing views wherewithal to make a journalistic controversy of considerable length and great bitterness. The sympathy of the world we think, however, will be with Stanley. To have reached Emin with any kind of force, even with a single follower, was the exploit of a hero, and no want of welcome from Emin can diminish his glory. It is one of those cases in which each side may be right without discredit to the other; but we fear the newspapers will not be satisfied with any such solution of the difficulty.

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HEARINGS ON THE TARIFF.

THE hearing of the Committee of Ways and Means on the iron-ore question is the first of a series intended to embrace the whole tariff before it comes up for general discussion in Congress. These hearings will attract more attention than has been given usually to such inquiries because of the great awakening of last year. When a man comes forward, as Mr. Geo. H. Ely did on Thursday, and advocates a duty of seventy-five cents a ton on iron ore because he is a producer and seller of the article, his opinions will be subjected to a more rigid scrutiny than they were in 1883, when the present duty was imposed, because more people are now familiar with the subject. But probably few know how great an outrage this duty on iron ore is, or remember the swindle by which it was enacted.

There was no mention of iron ore in our tariff from the beginning of the Government until the year 1874. Prior to that time it had been classed with unenumerated raw materials at a nominal duty of 10 per cent. ad valorem. In that year it was lifted to 20 per cent., in order to accommodate the mine-owners of the Lake Superior region. This step was taken in pursuance of the principle adopted in the copper tariff, that if an American producer of any article has peculiar advantages in the production of it, he ought to have a Government subsidy in addition. This principle had been applied so extensively to other things that when the great deposits on Lake Superior were brought to profitable working, and the demand for ore was increasing from year to year, the petition of the mine-owners for 10 per cent. more could not be resisted. The Tariff Commission of 1882-3 found that, notwithstanding this duty of 20 per cent., the importation of ores adapted to the making of Bessemer steel was rapidly increasing. These were ores from Spain and the Mediterranean described as "low in phosphorus." The rate of 20 per cent. ad valorem they found to be equal to 54 cents per ton average. They recommended that it be changed from ad valorem to specific and fixed at 50 cents per ton.

This rate was agreed to by both House and Senate, but when the bill went to a "Committee of Conference on the *disagreeing* votes of the two houses," it was reported back with a clause fixing the rate of duty on iron ore at *seventy-five cents per ton*. This was most unquestionably a swindle upon Congress and upon every industry in the United States dependent upon iron or steel—and what industry is not so dependent? It was a swindle upon Congress, because Congress had already decided that it should be fifty cents per ton. There were no disagreeing votes on that question for a conference committee to harmonize. But since a conference report must be adopted as a whole or rejected as a whole, the swindle was ratified, and American industry has been suffering the consequences, as depicted by Mr. Tobey of Massachusetts, ever since. In the same bill the House had fixed the duty on steel rails at $15 per ton and the Senate had raised it to $15.68 per ton. The Conference Committee reconciled these disagreeing rates by fixing it at $17 per ton.

Mr. Ely, the President of the Western Ore Association, in his argument before the Committee, contended that the duty of 75 cents per ton had been beneficial because, under that stimulus, the production of ore had risen from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 tons within the short space of three years. This was for the benefit of the country according to his view. Mr. Tobey of Massachusetts held, on the other hand, that it was no benefit to him as a manufacturer to pay 75 cents per ton tax on an article indispensable to his business. Leaving Mr. Ely and Mr. Tobey and their respective claims for the present, is it not worth asking whether it is an advantage to the country to be rapidly deprived of one of the most important treasures with which Divine Providence has endowed it, and which, when once extracted and used, can never be replaced? At the recent meeting of the British Iron and Steel Association, the shortage of Bessemer ores in the United Kingdom was the principal subject of discussion. The approaching exhaustion of the most accessible mines of Spain and the Mediterranean was considered, and the means of reaching the deposits further inland, involving of course greater expense to the smelter, was somewhat anxiously debated. The recent rapid advance in pig-iron in England, leading to large importations of pig from the United States, has undoubtedly some relation to the deficiency of Bessemer ores in the Old World. At such a time as this, some persons already enriched by the possession of an article limited in amount, the demand for which is in excess of the supply, have the effrontery to demand seventy-five cents per ton more than it is worth in order that they may be stimulated to dig it out of the earth faster than ever, and deprive future generations of Americans of one of the prime necessaries of life!

MR. M'KINLEY'S REMARKABLE BILL.

THE third section of Mr. McKinley's bill "to *simplify* the laws in relation to the collection of the revenues" declares that an invoice shall be presented to the consular officer of the *district* whence "exported," and must be made at the *place* of exportation. But if a traveller buys an article in Russia, carries it in his portmanteau to France, and sends it thence to New York, which is the country of exportation? Must he return to Russia to make an invoice?

The law now requires the manufacturer sending his goods hither on consignment to his agent, to invoice them at their actual cost at the time of *manufacture*. The proposed bill requires the manufacturer to affirm that he has inserted the market value at the time of *shipment*.

"That such actual market value is the price at which the merchandise described in the invoice is freely *offered* for sale to all purchasers in said markets, and that it is the price which the manufacturer or owner making the declaration would have received, and was willing to receive, for such merchandise sold in the ordinary course of trade, and in the usual wholesale quantities."

But what if the manufacturer consigns the whole product of his factory to this country, and never sells at home?

In another section, such a manufacturer is required to declare as follows:

"The invoice which I now produce contains a just and faithful valuation of the same, at their *actual market value or wholesale price* at the time of exportation to the United States, in the principal markets of the country from whence imported for my account [or for account of myself or partners]; that the said invoice contains also a just and faithful account of all the *cost* of finishing said goods, wares, and merchandise to their present condition."

But what if the *cost* of manufacture is unlike the *wholesale price?*

Section 7 permits one who has *purchased* abroad to add, on entry, to the invoice value in order to make market value, but does not permit such addition in case of consigned goods. Why not? If, according to the McKinley bill, the appraised value exceeds the entered value by 10 (it is now 20) per per cent., then a penalty of 20 per cent. follows as an additional duty. And if the difference between the entered and the dutiable value is more than 20 per cent., then, declares Mr. McKinley:

"Such entry may be held to be presumptively fraudulent, and the collector of customs may seize such merchandise and proceed as in cases of forfeiture for violations of the customs laws; and in any legal proceedings which may result from such seizure the fact of such undervaluation shall be *presumptive evidence of fraud*, and the burden of proof shall be on the claimant to rebut the same, *and forfeiture shall be adjudged unless he shall rebut said presumption of fraudulent intent by sufficient evidence.*"

Which means that if an appraiser differs from the importer in regard to value by 20 per cent., the latter is to be by law taken to be a defrauder of the revenue and required to prove a negative. The importer must deposit the estimated regular duties on entry, and, if he cannot establish a negative, he will lose his goods and his deposit for duties besides.

Section 8 of the McKinley bill declares that when a manufacturer or his agent makes an entry, there shall be presented,

"in addition to the certified invoice or statement in the form of an invoice required by law, a statement, signed by such manufacturer, declaring the *cost of production of such merchandise*, such cost to include all the elements of cost as stated in section 34 of this act."

Why require the *cost* of manufacture, in addition to the price or value at time of shipment? The goods may have been made years before shipment. Why compel the manufacturer thus to disclose the secrets of his business? How can such cost of manufacture aid the appraiser to ascertain dutiable value?

Mr. McKinley's section 10 requires appraising officers to ascertain and report to the collector,

"(any invoice or affidavit thereto or statement of cost or of cost of production to the contrary notwithstanding), the actual market value and price of imported merchandise, *as bought and sold in usual wholesale quantities*, at the time of exportation to the United States, in the principal markets of the country whence the same has been imported."

But what will happen if the importer bought in *retail* quantities? Will the appraiser appraise *below* the entered value?

Section 11 then declares that if the ap-

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praiser cannot ascertain the market value, he shall ascertain the *cost* of production, and add a "reasonable profit," which sum shall be the dutiable value. And then if the appraiser's sum exceeds the entered sum by 20 per cent., confiscation is to follow as provided in section 7. Are such barbarism and despotism possible?

Section 12 sweeps away all merchants from participating in reappraisements, and declares that the dutiable *value*, as finally fixed by the new Board of General Appraisers, shall be final, but the collector shall nevertheless fix and levy the *rate*. If the importer, however, finds the rate unlawful, he can protest as now, but the protest shall go to the new Board of Appraisers (not to the Treasury, as now on appeal), and thus the appraisers may decide both the value and the rate. If the importer believes the appraisers' *rate* to be unlawful, he can apply to the Federal Circuit Court "for a review of the questions of *law* involved in such decision." What of the *facts?* it will be asked, The section declares:

"Thereupon the court shall order the Board of Appraisers to transmit to said Circuit Court a certified statement of their findings of the *facts* involved in the case and their decision thereon; and the *facts* so found and certified *shall be final and conclusive upon the court.*"

Have the Secretary of the Treasury and Mr. McKinley gone mad over protective taxes? The rate depends on the *facts*, and the facts make the case, but the facts the importer cannot try! If the bill shall become a law, the Harrison Administration will select the members of the new Board, and, whether nominally Democrats or Republicans, they will all be protectionists, or opposed to taxation reform, and confederates of the manufacturers seeking the highest rates of tariff taxes. And such a partisan board is to be supreme over dutiable values and the facts which lead up to rates.

Section 19 furtively restores taxes on packing-boxes and coverings, and will enormously increase customs taxes.

But the climax of protectionist deviltry in this McKinley bill is in the twenty-ninth section, where a sly and stealthy effort is made, by reducing non-enumerated articles down to a minimum, or none at all, to inflict, in every ambiguous case, and where Congress has not spoken distinctly, the very highest possible rate. It is a furtive attempt to nullify the decision of the Supreme Court that the lowest rate shall be levied in all cases of reasonable doubt. One sees in that section the fine Roman hands of Tichenor and Hepburn, who put through the worsted decision. The section must be read to be appreciated. No synopsis or abridgment can do justice to its cunning devices intended to mislead the average Congressman.

We do not doubt that this bill will, in order to give it popularity, be heralded as the Hewitt-Manning bill, which it resembles as an Hyperion does a Satyr. And yet one having a sense of humor can but laugh who sees that this McKinley bill is the thin edge of an entering wedge to be driven home in order to prepare for the Republican tariff revision that is to follow. By this McKinley bill the protectionists hope, first of all, to get partisans of theirs to fix values and rates—always the highest possible rates—and fix them without interference by juries who now decide the facts, and then to manipulate new tariff schedules with ambiguities which will enable the schedules to slip through Congress unobserved. In the presence of such a peril, now that the Republicans have both branches of Congress and the Executive, the friends of lower tariff taxes will need to do something more effective than debate the relative advantages of internal and external taxes respectively, or discuss the relative orthodoxy of Mills or Randall.

OUR ALASKAN SEAL ROOKERIES.

It is quite impossible for one to read the letters that have recently appeared in the London *Times* on the habits of fur-seals, and not feel a deep interest in the questions respecting them now under discussion by the Governments at Washington and London, and in the questions growing out of the expiring contract of lease by our Government of our seal islands and fisheries to the Alaska Commercial Company. Mr. Flower, of the London Natural History Museum, writing apparently from a professional point of view, says:

"Scarcely a century ago fur-seals existed in numbers which appear now almost incredible on many coasts and islands of the Southern Ocean. Juan Fernandez, Chili, the Falkland Islands, South Georgia, South Shetland, Prince Edward Island, the Crozets, some parts of Australia, Antipodes Island, and many more, mostly within our dominions or within British influence, all possessed 'rookeries,' or breeding-places of seals, which, if protected, might have been still as populous and valuable as those on the Pribyloff Islands in the Bering Sea. Every one of these, however, has, owing to the ruthless and indiscriminate slaughter carried on by ignorant and lawless sealers, regardless of everything but immediate profit, been totally annihilated, or so reduced in numbers that it is no longer worth while to visit them. The only spot in the world where fur-seals are now found in their original, or even increased, numbers is the Pribyloff group, a circumstance entirely owing to the rigid enforcement of the wise regulations of the Alaska Commercial Company, which are based on a thorough knowledge of the habits of the animals. But for this, the fur-seal might before now have been added to the long list of animals exterminated from the earth by the hand of man."

Mr. Staveley Hill, a member of Parliament, writes from a different point of view. He looks at the subject as an Englishman, and as a partisan of the Canadian sealers who kill seals in Bering Sea and not on the rookeries, which all belong to us or to Russia. What he says should be read by the aid of a large and accurate Coast-Survey map of the region, in order to appreciate the precise locality of the two islands—the Pribyloff and St. Paul's—on which are our rookeries, and the relation of the Aleutian group of islands to the peninsula of Alaska, and the distance between the westernmost of our islands (Attou) and Kamtchatka, on the one hand, and between Attou and the Komandorski islands, which belong to Russia. It is some five degrees of longitude from our westernmost island to the easternmost islands of Russia, and that is the width of the wide channel which is the entrance there, at the south, to Bering Sea. Our rookeries are on the line of longitude 172° and of latitude 57°. They have been leased to the Alaska Commercial Company till May 1, 1890, for $55,000 a year and $2.62½ a skin. All the skins go to London to be dressed. The company is limited to 100,000 skins a year.

The most competent experts estimate the entire annual yield of fur-seal fisheries in the world to be only 192,457 skins, or less than double the limit which we prescribe to the Alaska Commercial Company. The world's catch is thus classified:

Pribyloff Islands, Bering Sea	94,967
Commander Islands and Robben Reef	41,893
Islands belonging to Japan	4,000
British and American sealing fleets on northwest coast of America (including catch at Cape Flattery and Bering Sea)	25,000
Lobos Islands at mouth of Rio de la Plata	12,385
Cape of Good Hope, including islands in Southern Indian Ocean	5,500
Cape Horn region	8,162
Falkland Islands	550
Total	192,457

To Mr. Staveley Hill's letter the London agents of the Alaska Commercial Company replied that it is forbidden to that company to kill *female* seals, and it does not. Another writer, Mr. J. R. Baillie, sent the following to the *Times:*

"Mr. Hill makes a serious mistake in charging the company with 'killing on the nest.' In point of fact, the breeding seals are never molested, and the only ones killed are the young 'bachelors,' which occupy a separate portion of the island. As they roam about considerably, they fall a prey to the outside hunters, and the company's position is like that of a man who sees his cottage neighbor shooting the pheasants that have been bred in his own preserves."

Mr. George Baden-Powell, a member of Parliament, enters into the discussion to say that the Canadian sealer's main catch "is almost entirely composed of *females*"; that it is made only twenty-five miles from land; that Canadians begin in December and seal till August. Mr. Hill makes a very lame rejoinder. It appears to be quite clear, on Mr. Hill's statement, that the Canadian sealers do kill the *female* seals when getting food for their young there on our islands, or on the Russian islands, the *male* and the full-grown seals being also chiefly on the islands. Nobody denies that the Pribyloff and St. Paul Islands are as completely ours as is Staten Island in New York Harbor.

It is to be borne in mind that we have leased all our seal-fishery rights to the Alaska Commercial Company till next May; that the Treasury is asking for bids for another long lease; that the value of the lease will depend on the exclusion from Bering Sea of Canadian marine sealers described by Hill and Elliott, and that Canadian rights in that part of Bering Sea included in the boundaries of what was ceded to us, and described in the first article of the Russian cession to us, should be defined by the Harrison Administration before a new lease is sold, if we are to get the full and proper value of the concession.

There are two pending questions to be decided by the Administration:

(1.) Should we, and can we, make an international agreement between ourselves, Great Britain, Russia, and Japan, to "prevent the citizens of either country from killing seal in Bering Sea at such times and places and by such methods as at present are

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pursued, and which threaten the speedy extermination of those animals and consequent serious loss to mankind," as Mr. Bayard proposed?

(2) If not, then can we, under the rules of public law applicable to our Alaskan possessions, and shall we, "solitary and alone," police one side of Bering Sea, and keep out Canadian and alien sealers who kill the female seals, and threaten the destruction of the great value of our rookeries—always taking care that by such policing we do not prevent or disturb anybody's right of navigation in Bering Sea, or any other innocent use thereof?

PEEL AND BLAINE.

THE Providence *Journal* sees indications that "Mr. Blaine may be meditating a sort of *coup d'état* on the tariff question similar to that master stroke of statesmanship which makes the best reputation of Sir Robert Peel"; and it believes it "among the possibilities that he may presently come forward with a grand scheme of reciprocity treaties with South American countries under which freedom of trade between them and ourselves would be established." It adds, after describing Peel's achievement: "Mr. Blaine can do much the same if he chooses. The conditions surrounding him are almost exactly a duplication of those that beset Peel. The opportunity before him is fully as great, if not greater."

There is likeness and unlikeness in the situation of Peel in 1841-'46 and of Blaine in 1889. Peel was First Lord of the Treasury and Prime Minister, with a seat in the House of Commons; but Blaine is only Minister for Foreign Affairs, with no speaking or voting power in our Congress. Peel, as chief of the Ministry of his day, had more power over English legislative and executive affairs than President Harrison has to-day over American legislative and executive affairs. Blaine is, in law, little more than his clerk. If the President permits, and he can negotiate treaties to that effect with the foreign governments represented by the Pan-American Congress, which treaties the Senate ratifies, he can, nevertheless, make free trade with those countries which will be "the law of the land." So much for personal similitude.

There is similarity and there is dissimilarity in the currency, the taxation, and the finances of Great Britain in 1841-46 and of the United States in 1889. Then England had a deficiency of income; now we have a surplus. Her revenue was sinking; ours is rising. Then the British Union was threatened; ours has been secured. Peel succeeded a discredited government; Blaine follows after an honorable and honored Administration. Peel came to power with a large majority in the House of Commons. Blaine has now a slender one in Congress. In 1841 the great Whig party of England had been "muddled away," but, in 1889, the Democratic party of America is more compact and vigorous than ever. Currency reform and taxation reform were in the air in England in 1841, and they are to-day in the United States. It was true of Peel that he went back and adopted the free-trade ideas of Huskisson set forth twenty years before, and accepted the recommendations of the House of Commons Import Duties Committee of 1840. Disraeli said in 1846 of Peel: "He is a burglar of others' intellect: There is no statesman who has committed petty larceny on so great a scale." Blaine cannot appropriate free-trade plans from any leader of his own party who has gone before him, but he can use the ideas set forth by Manning in his Treasury reports as Peel did the ideas of Huskisson and of Hume's Import Duties Committee. Peel had a brief experience as Prime Minister in 1834 (to be followed by Melbourne) before he came to power in 1841, just as Blaine had in 1881. The Tory party which carried Peel back to power in 1841, was not a free-trade and anti-corn-law party any more than the Republican party of 1888 was a tariff-reform party.

As in England, before Peel's day, a protective tariff was tempered by smugglers and undervaluers, so it is now among us in Blaine's day. The British tariff of 1841, like ours of 1889, was a barbarous system. It had a thousand different rates, and more than as many has ours of 1889. But Peel had to face a falling revenue: income less than outgo. England then had export taxes; we have none, thanks to the men of 100 years ago. Peel had to invent or enlarge another tax to supply the place of customs taxes reduced or abolished; Blaine has no such necessity. Peel reimposed the income tax on *property*, in order to release trade and industry from taxation. England had in 1841 a Chinese war on hand; we are in 1889 at peace. English deficits were then chronic as is now our Federal surplus.

These are some of the similarities between 1841 and 1889. In England the limit of taxation on consumption had been reached, and so has it to-day, in effect, in our country. What Peel did, Blaine can and should endeavor. He should, as Manning advised, put an end to tariff taxes on imported raw materials, including wool and all ores. He should sweep away innumerable vexing little customs taxes, as Peel did. He should foster American manufactures as Peel did British manufactures. In 1842 Peel, at one blow, abolished 520 British tariff taxes, all vexing and costly of collection. In 1841 there were in England 1,046 articles subject to tariff taxes; Peel retired from office leaving less than half that number, having reduced duties on 1,035 and repealed duties on 605 articles, chiefly the food and clothing of the people. And finally, in 1846, a House of Commons chosen on a protectionist platform condemned the corn laws by a majority of 97.

And now for a future which may give Mr. Blaine pause! The division of his party on the Corn Laws was fatal to Peel. "He had forfeited the hearts of his Tory adherents," and had to turn to his opponents, as Blaine might have to turn to Democrats. The Tories could not maintain the Corn Laws or forgive Peel. Many loved the treason, but yet hated the traitor. So it may be with Blaine. Peel's Government did a noble work, but fell "in the light of day, with their face to the enemy." He hit protection a right-hander, and so can Blaine. *He* triumphed, but without his Tory army. Within six years a protectionist Ministry in England declared for "unrestricted competition," and the protectionist party vanished. The Tory party, having lost its great leader, wandered in the wilderness for twenty-eight years. But the glory of Peel to-day: how he "fills the sounding trump of fame"! Blaine should think of *that!* The cause of protective taxes is a falling cause.

A TEST OF NATIONALISM.

EDWARD BELLAMY, in his recent lecture in Boston, laid down very clearly under different headings what the Nationalists demand. Here is one of his declarations:

"(4.) We demand that the coal-mining business, which is at present most rapaciously conducted as respects the public, and most oppressively as regards a great body of laborers, should be nationalized, to the end that the mines may be continuously worked to their full capacity, coal furnished consumers at cost, and the miners humanely dealt with."

It is always very satisfactory to get from the advocates of any new system of government, religion, or philosophy an exact statement of their aims and expectations, since it enables us to test their theories by experience and practice. Applying this test to Mr. Bellamy's coal platform, what is the result? He begins with the assertion that "the coal-mining business is at present most rapaciously conducted as respects the public." This would seem to be a very difficult proposition to prove. If the public are the victims of the coal-producers' rapacity, it must be in the way of prices for coal. But coal is, as every consumer knows, very cheap. The natural law of supply and competition has made it so. Rapacity on the part of the owners of any necessity of life is also associated in the public mind with large profits to its purveyors. But the coal companies in the last twenty years have had their full share of financial tribulation. Look at the history of the Reading and New Jersey Central Companies, and count the years in which the stronger coal companies have skipped their dividends. It is true that we have had "coal combinations" which sought to fix the price of coal arbitrarily, and succeeded for a time. But the final outcome was the disruption of the combinations, with disastrous results to the combiners. With the vast amount of capital now invested in coal lands and coal-carrying roads, the investors in such enterprises would seem to have more to fear from competition than the public has from combination.

Next Mr. Bellamy asserts that "the coal-mining business is at present conducted most oppressively as regards a great body of laborers." In making this assertion he evidently means that the miners are underpaid and irregularly employed. Any industry employing the vast number of men engaged in coal-mining must be subject to the disturbances which come from overproduction, decreased consumption, strikes, etc. The skill required in getting coal out of mines is of so low an order and so quickly acquired that the companies have no trouble to add to

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their force when demand is good, and this force has to be decreased when demand becomes less.

This, however, is no practice peculiar to corporate or private employers. The same thing is done, for instance, every year in the Government navy-yards. The careful statistics of the coal trade now attainable are destructive of Mr. Bellamy's generalities. Thus, side by side with the present announcement of decreased time in the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania, are the figures showing a decrease of 1,866,994 tons in this year's shipments compared with last. The Secretary of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania devotes a large part of his last annual report to coal-miners' wages. He shows that the average daily earnings of 710 "most skilful" bituminous miners in the year 1888 were $1.96, and of 450 similar anthracite miners $2.98. The smaller earnings of the bituminous miners are due to a regulation of their union limiting the daily "cut" to four tons per man, in order to secure employment for a larger number. These wages would not seem to be "oppressive," and as the wages of the Pennsylvania miners are regulated by the price of coal, the miners profit by any advance from which the public may suffer in the way of "rapacity." There have been pitiable scenes in some of the Western coal districts during the last year because of strikes against low wages. But the reason seems to be that those districts are at so great disadvantage as regards others that, if coal is mined there, the miners must accept the smallest pay. A report of the Illinois State Board of Labor Statistics on the year's coal operations in that State, made public last week, gives fifty cents a ton on the track as the average value of coal in several places in St. Clair County. The only remedy seems to be for these miners to seek different employment.

In the way of remedy, Mr. Bellamy would have the Government own and operate all the coal mines in the country: first, "to the end that the mines may be continuously worked to their full capacity, and coal furnished consumers at cost." The predicament into which this scheme would plunge the Treasury Department may be seen from the present situation in the Pennsylvania coal regions. The corporations owning the mines have had the demand on them for coal curtailed by two very mild winters and the stagnation of the Eastern iron trade, and have in consequence been obliged to lessen their production. This reduces the miners' incomes, or, according to Mr. Bellamy, "oppresses" them. The companies have every motive to continue production if they can find a market. The Government would be no more successful a seller than are the corporations. How would the Bellamy plan work? Mining would go on to "the full capacity" of the mines; there would be no reduction of wages and so no decrease in the cost of production, and there would be a vast accumulation of mined coal for which there would be no present market, and which would remain to glut the market of the future, while the expense of the work at the mines would go steadily on. The present accumulation of silver dollars in the Treasury would be nothing to the accumulation of coal at the Government mines, and a future Windom would probably propose as a cure the issue of coal certificates to serve as additional currency.

Finally, Mr. Bellamy would have the Government operate these mines in order that the miners be "humanely dealt with." Here he descends abruptly to the humorous. Prescribing, as "humane," employment by a government which rewards a dying Pearson's almost unexampled efficiency with removal to make a place for a "worker"; which dismisses an employee like Burt for a similar reason with a brutal lack of delicacy; which has filled the country with ex-postmasters whose only offence was the ticket they voted; and which gauges the fitness of its day laborers by their politics! Think of the Bellamy kind of coal mines under a Harrison as President, with a Quay as patronage-dispenser in the State where most of them were situated!

The Bellamy kind of reformers should beware of the danger of descending to particulars.

MILLIONAIRES.

THERE was probably nothing in the morning papers on Friday which interested so large a public as the account the *Times* gave of the fortune of Mr. John D. Rockefeller. It amounted in all to $129,000,000, as reported by "a gentleman who knows as much of inside Standard Oil affairs as any outsider can possibly know, and who has a closer personal acquaintance with John D. Rockefeller than is usual even among those counted his friends." This goes far to confirm the rumors, which have been for some time afloat, that John D. Rockefeller was the richest man in America. The amount is probably exaggerated, because the tendency of popular rumor to-day is to magnify all fortunes above $2,000,000. Great fortunes are perhaps the thing about which the American imagination most loves to play; and in order to make the play as exciting as possible, it always makes the fortunes as large as popular credulity will possibly bear.

The millionaire is in fact the Paladin of our day. He is to American youth what Roland and Amadis de Gaul were to the youth of the middle ages, and what the wicked Marquis used to be in England in the last century—a powerful, mysterious person, *capable de tout*, whose ways and thoughts and even manners and customs are different from those of the rest of the community, and have a fascination of their own, sometimes terrible, but always overpowering. Not long ago a very rich man was killed in a railroad accident. He was caught in the débris of a broken car and burnt to death before he could be rescued. The reporter who recorded it could not get over the mystery of such a death. He was bewildered by the inability of the victim to extricate himself by drawing a check. So he headed the accident, "A Millionaire Roasted Alive—All His Millions Could Not Save Him." More recently three millionaires were together in a carriage in Minnesota when the horses took fright and ran away. Had there been only one millionaire in the vehicle, the spectacle would have been almost more than the nerves of an ordinary newspaper man could stand. To have three millionaires involved in such a catastrophe was to fill the cup of horror to the brim. So the editor headed the accident, "Three Millionaires in Danger"; a sight so appalling that probably no one who witnessed it would like to gaze on it again.

Some time ago an editor was describing the wedding of some rich people. After expending all his powers of rhetoric on the bride and groom, and the decorations of the church, and the social distinction of the guests, he reached a carefully prepared climax by exclaiming, "That little group in front of the altar represented at least $20,000,000!" The practice of mentioning the sum of money people "represent," no matter in what character they are spoken of, is in fact becoming almost a regular feature of popular parlance. The delegation which presented the petition to the Mayor in favor of the retention of Mrs. Agnew and Miss Dodge in the School Commission was described to us in one word as "representing, at a moderate estimate, $400,000,000." It is quite within the bounds of probability that we should see an astronomer or a chemist commended to popular confidence by the mention of the amount of his fortune—so deep a hold on the public mind has the idea secured that the moneyed man must necessarily be a being of infinitely varied capacity. The very servant-girls seeking places now occasionally mention the fact of having lived with "Mr. Smith the millionaire" as a certificate of every sort of competence.

The habits of millionaires probably to-day excite as much interest and curiosity as those of European royalty. The public is touched by learning the precise way in which a certain thing is done by a man who could, if he pleased, do it in so many other ways without exciting criticism. The American rich man differs greatly from his European brother in avoiding eccentricities, and leading, on the whole, an unostentatious life; but he need not do this out of any respect for public opinion, for the public really does not care to have him quiet and commonplace. It likes him to do queer things with his money, if only it can hear all about it. It does not like to think that a creature so interesting is not peculiar in some way. For there is nothing which men look for with so much eagerness as outward signs of the money-making capacity, although such signs hardly ever exist. But few observers can bring themselves to believe that they do not exist, that the millionaire does not carry somewhere in sight the traits which enabled him to make his fortune. They therefore watch him with never-dying interest, with a sort of sub-conscious hope of getting at his secret. The truth is, however, that there is no capacity so frequently concealed or invisible as the capacity for making money—the "sense of values," as some one has called it. The great financiers of all countries look and act like all sorts of people—old-clothes dealers, peddlers, colonels of cav-

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alry, dukes, professors, dancing-masters, divines, and New England deacons. Nobody can tell a millionaire when he sees him, but there lies all the while, in the popular mind, an ideal millionaire whom people expect every owner of millions to resemble, and are disappointed when he does not.

One secret of this fame is, that so many people are trying for the success which millionaires have achieved. Most other sorts of eminence excite the envy or interest of a comparatively small number. Very few people think, as a possibility, of their becoming great soldiers, or statesmen, or poets, or orators, or scientific men themselves. But everybody thinks of the ownership of millions as among the chances of his own life, and now and then occupies his mind with the consideration of the things he would do with a great fortune if he had it. In other words, the life of a millionaire has a human interest for great multitudes because they often dream of leading it themselves. It is the one form of greatness to which they consciously and hopefully aspire. The results of this state of the public mind are such that a millionaire who has no sense of humor doubtless misses a great deal of innocent fun. Probably no class of men in the community, not even doctors, find their way into such unfrequented nooks of human nature as a conspicuously rich man. There is no favor so extravagant or grotesque that somebody does not ask it at his hands. His acquaintance with the base and mean side of humanity must be nearly as great as his acquaintance with its weak and silly side. His experience, too, is nearly the same in every country. If he dies with undiminished respect for his kind, it must be because his own nature is one of extraordinary simplicity.

THE LATE PROFESSOR FRIEZE.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Dec. 20, 1889.

PROF. HENRY S. FRIEZE, who died at Ann Arbor on Dec. 7, for many years exerted a moulding influence in the development of the University of Michigan, an influence which was indirectly felt also in the work of other educational institutions. Several aspects of his career are of interest, especially when viewed in connection with the problems of the higher education.

Henry Simmons Frieze was born in Boston, in the year 1817. He received his first schooling mainly at Pawtucket, where his father, then a minister of the Universalist denomination, was settled from 1827 to 1830. At the age of thirteen he was forced to shift for himself. Six years later, with barely one year of preparatory study at Newport, he succeeded in gaining admission to Brown University. During his collegiate course he supported himself by his skill in music, and graduated in 1841 at the head of his class. He remained at the University as tutor till 1844, when he became associate principal of the University Grammar School at Providence. Among his pupils here were President Angell of the University of Michigan, Dr. H. L. Wayland of Philadelphia, the late Gen. Underwood of Boston, and many others who have gained positions of prominence, especially in Rhode Island life and affairs.

In 1854, through the influence of Prof. J. R. Boise, Mr. Frieze was called to the chair of the Latin language and literature in the University of Michigan, a position which he held till death. In 1855, and again in 1871-3, he was in Europe on leave of absence. After the resignation of President Haven, in 1869, Prof. Frieze was acting President of the University for two years. His administration was eminently successful. He suggested to the Regents the election of President Angell, then at the head of the University of Vermont, who was finally secured for the position. He was acting President again in 1880-1882, during the absence of President Angell as United States Minister to China. After 1875 he was dean of the department of Literature, Science, and the Arts. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by four different institutions.

In the administration of the Latin department, Prof. Frieze was a pioneer in the present so-called "advanced" methods of instruction. He was one of the first American teachers to break with the traditional treatment of the Latin classics chiefly as illustrating grammatical rules. From the very beginning of his work here he supplemented the reading of texts with lectures on the antiquities, literature, and history of Rome. He never slighted grammatical work where it was necessary, but his power lay in the interpretation and presentation of the classical masterpieces as literature. In his hands they became living and real, a means of inspiration and rare culture. Finding that the current pronunciation of Latin failed to bring out the phonetic genius of the language, in 1859 he adopted and recommended the Continental method. This was not altogether satisfactory, and in 1873 he abandoned it in favor of the Roman pronunciation. The University of Michigan was thus among the first to adopt the new system of pronouncing Latin.

One of the most important of the new features which Prof. Frieze made prominent in the work of his department was a special course for advanced students who purposed to teach Latin "in union or high schools." This course comprised both the theory and practice of instruction in Latin, together with careful drill in the minute points of the language, and was first announced in 1860. In following years other departments offered similar work. This has led to the establishment of a system of teachers' courses in special branches, supplementing the work of the Chair of Pedagogy. Students who complete a specified number of these courses receive a teacher's diploma. The far-reaching importance of such a system, especially in a State university, is obvious.

The extent of Prof. Frieze's influence upon the general organization and administration of the University can be more easily perceived than described in exact terms. He came to the institution when it contained 288 students taught by eighteen professors; when it offered to undergraduates only the conventional classical course and a new scientific course introduced by President Tappan, and provided facilities for professional study only in the Department of Medicine. He lived to see the University with an attendance of 2,100 students; with a faculty of a hundred professors and instructors; with an undergraduate curriculum offering the widest range of elective studies; and with five professional schools in successful operation. In his thirty-five years of service he worked for the interests of the University as a whole, with a practical wisdom and untiring devotion that contributed in no small degree to its rapid and permanent growth.

The ideal of the State University as distinguished from the typical college, and as the capstone of the State system of public education, had been impressed upon the University of Michigan by its first President, Dr. Tappan; but no one connected with the institution ever worked towards that ideal more persistently or more consistently than Prof. Frieze. With his peculiar grasp of educational principles he united a breadth of intellectual sympathy which enabled him to appreciate fully the claims and needs of departments other than his own. Among the important measures of which he was a prominent advocate, two are worthy of special mention—the transition from the system of compulsory to that of elective studies, which reached its culmination in 1878; and the conferring of the Master's degrees only on examination. He maintained that "the Masters' degrees should never be given for existence merely," a position which the Eastern institutions are coming more and more to adopt. He was influential in bringing about the abolition of speeches by members of the graduating classes at commencement, an exhibition which he considered inconsistent with the dignity of a real university. During the first period of his service as acting President, in 1869–'71, the pressure of public opinion led to the admission of women to all departments of the University. This rendered necessary a readjustment of many existing relations, which was skilfully and happily accomplished. When acting President in 1880, he warmly supported the project of the establishment of the "Michigan University School of Political Science," and the adoption of what is known here as the "University System" of studies for undergraduate students.

There remain two important matters connected with the University the inception of which may be credited to Prof. Frieze alone. The one is the introduction of studies in art and music on the same basis as other studies, with the bringing together of a valuable collection illustrating the history of the fine arts; the other is the "diploma" system of admission.

The nucleus of the art collection was obtained by Prof. Frieze when in Europe, in 1855; funds being furnished for this purpose by the Board of Regents. As the result of constant effort, this beginning has been supplemented by means of further appropriations and private gifts until now, when the "Museum of Art and History" contains one of the largest and best collections of the kind connected with any American institution of learning. The latest acquisition of note comprises the original plaster casts of all the works of Randolph Rogers, presented by the sculptor himself.

The diploma relation between the University and preparatory schools is an arrangement by which the University, once in a stated period, sends to any school desiring it a Committee of Inspection. The school, if approved by the Faculty, then has the privilege, for a limited period, of sending its students for admission to the University on presentation of their diplomas, without examination. This plan was originally suggested by the relations of the German gymnasia to the universities, and was first tried in 1870. It has been increasingly successful. It was so carefully formulated at the start that no essential change in its provisions has been found necessary, although there are now 71 schools sustaining the diploma relation, and about half of the students (nearly 200 this year) entering the literary department are received in this way. The plan "has been widely imitated both in the East and in the

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West, though sometimes with modifications which have diminished its efficiency." Of its operation here President Angell says (Report to the Board of Regents for 1889, p. 9):

"No other system of coöperation of school and university has been found which brings them into so harmonious relations, and which impresses both so deeply with the fruitful truth that their interests are in large part identical, and that in order to discharge their full duty to the public, they must work heartily together."

It is not surprising that, endowed with a mind so alert, cultured, and progressive, Prof. Frieze at times turned his attention to the making of text-books, and produced works of more than ordinary merit in his department. His 'Æneid of Vergil,' published in 1860, was one of the earliest illustrated American editions of the poem. It showed at the same time a delicate appreciation of the spirit of the original, and an insight into the nature of the student's difficulties, which won for it at once a warm reception. A second edition was called for in 1866, followed later by a complete edition of the works of Vergil on the same plan, with a vocabulary. In 1865 he put forth an edition of the tenth and twelfth books of Quintilian (previously a *terra incognita* to American students) which immediately gained a place among the best-edited college Latin books. A second edition appeared in 1888. His last book appealed to a wider public than the preceding, and was an outcome of the art studies which he had pursued with so much interest in his later years. It is entitled "Giovanni Dupré." It contains a biographical and critical sketch of this well-known sculptor and his works, followed by two dialogues on art translated from the Italian of Augusto Conti. The book appeared in London in 1885. A second edition soon followed.

Several of Prof. Frieze's published addresses and papers are of permanent educational value. Among these the best known are his memorial address on the "Life and Works of Henry Philip Tappan, First President of the University of Michigan," 1882; "The Relations of the State University to Religion," 1887; and his report as acting President to the Board of Regents in 1881, in which he discussed the proper sphere of university education with much skill, and recommended that the period of study required for the Bachelor's degrees be reduced to three years.

From the fact that several of the younger State universities, in greater or less degree, have looked to the University of Michigan as their model, the influence of Prof. Frieze as an educator has been extended together with that of the institution which he so faithfully served. A careful statement of his work, however, can give little conception of the power of his life in the University itself. He left everywhere an inspiration for whatever is genuine and good, and a personal impress of refinement upon all who came in contact with him. His rare qualities of mind and character, his kindness to all, and finally the simplicity of his daily life, and the modesty which led him to shun even the prominence that naturally fell to his lot, increased the regard of students almost to veneration. It has been the fortune of few men in his position to be mourned by so wide a circle.

FRANCIS W. KELSEY.

DAUDET'S "STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE."

PARIS, December 13, 1889.

OUR novel-writers are all possessed at present with a dangerous mania: they are anxious to transfer their novels, in a dramatic form, to the stage. The reason is only too obvious: the most successful book brings little money in comparison with a successful comedy or drama. The "Monde où l'on s'ennuie" has been played nearly three hundred times, and a single representation at the French Theatre represents for the author a good round sum. There is besides in the triumphs of the stage something which flatters the vanity much more than the quiet success of a book read by the fireside. The emotions of the first representation, the applause of a large public, the emotions of the actors—all this almost intoxicates an author; if he is successful, his name is immediately in everybody's mouth, he is discussed in every drawing-room, in every newspaper.

There is much to be regretted in this tendency of our modern writers, for the qualities which make the dramatist are very different from those which make the good novelist. The drama, in its present form, is a coarse and rapid development of events, it excludes a fine analysis; it is a series of pictures, it has none of the charms of a good novel, which makes us acquainted with the most minute details of moral life. A lady friend of mine, who never goes to any theatre except when she can hear music, once said to me, as I was asking her why she so disliked the small theatres: "Well! the theatre seems to me the latest doll; I long ago ceased to play with dolls." This judgment seemed to me severe at the time, but I have always remembered it; and how often, on leaving a theatre, after having heard a new vaudeville, or operetta, or some piece even which went under the nobler name of comedy or drama, have I not said to myself: "Yes, it is but the latest doll. This is not life, it is but a poor semblance of it." I did what the children so often do—I cut my doll in pieces, to see the inside of it, and I found nothing better than what the children find.

M. Alphonse Daudet has been tempted, like many others, by the theatre; and surely neither his qualities nor his defects had marked him for a theatrical writer. The great charm of his novels is in his descriptions, which are as minute and as exact as photographs, and in his subtle analysis of character. The stage requires something shorter, more clearly defined, more simple. Daudet has tried several times to write dramas; if he did not fail in the "Arlésienne," he owed it to the charming music of Bizet; I will not speak of one or two unsuccessful attempts. This time he has met with a half-success in the "Lutte pour la vie" (The Struggle for Existence).

A curious article might be written on the introduction of scientific words into literature. In the second act of Dumas's "Étrangère," our best dramatist has introduced à doctor of the Pasteur school, who explains at length all he knows about the microbes, the vibrios, etc. The wicked Duke of the piece is compared by him to a vibrio, who fulfils his mission till the stronger vibrio shall kill him—and surely there comes M. Clarke, the husband of the Étrangère, who kills the Duke de Septmonts. I have often heard the "Etrangère," and I have always wondered why Dumas had all this talk about the microbes. There were wicked dukes before our time, and wicked people were killed in duel before Pasteur made his discoveries.

It is the same with the "Struggle for Existence." What would Darwin say, if he came to life again and saw to what uses his theories have been put, and what our ignorant literary men make of his "Natural Selection," and "Survival of the Fittest," and "Struggle for Existence," and the laws of heredity? Our "Darwinians" all think themselves little Bismarcks, and stand by his "beati possidentes" and some other famous aphorisms; the right of the strongest is the only right. They are not in the old boat of their ancestors; in the new boat, says one of the actors in Daudet's new piece, "There is nothing left." "Why," says another, "not even a gendarme?" The young men of the new school speak with contempt of all the old institutions, of religion. Another bids him not to abolish religion altogether. "It is like the banister of a staircase: you don't often use it, but it reassures you."

Such is the tone of the "strugglers for existence" in M. Daudet's piece. They pretend to be strong men, without a prejudice, without an unnecessary emotion, born to satisfy their instincts just as a lion or a fox or a hawk; they are men of prey. This is not a new idea. If you read Mme. Sand's first novels, you will see the constant development of the idea that all is good in man's nature, that the satisfaction of all his instincts is legitimate, and that all the misfortunes of the world arise only from the opposition of the wicked laws of society to the instincts and aspirations of the natural man. You can go further: you will find this doctrine, in its rudimentary form, in the 'Nouvelle Héloïse' of Rousseau, you find its systematic development in his 'Émile.' Scientific words, taken from Darwin's works and perverted from their natural sense, have found their way into our modern literature, but there is nothing new in human nature: there have at all times been men without principles, without religion, unruly creatures whom nothing can bind. The peculiarity of such creatures is that they are really unconscious and that they do not act according to any theory; and here is the great mistake of Daudet and of M. Bourget (who has recently told, in the 'Disciple,' the history of a man who ends by becoming a murderer because he believes in Darwinism). They try to prove that a man imbued with the doctrine of evolution is capable of any crime. In reality, the murderers obey no theory whatever, they follow a blind passion; they are not the slaves of an idea, they are the slaves of a desire, the slaves of the hour. It is almost painful, for those who have known Darwin, to think that he has been so much misunderstood, not only by many of his admirers, but also by his adversaries; but, after all, the storm of the present hour will pass, and whatever truth there is in his writings is independent of all the discussions, quarrels, and misrepresentations of the present time.

The 'Struggle for Existence' is the sequel of the novel 'L'Immortel.' At the end of the book Paul Astier, the ambitious young architect, has succeeded in marrying the rich Duchess Padovani. She is a great lady, much older than he, and she loves him; he only looks upon her as an instrument of his ambition. He enters the political arena; he becomes a Deputy and Under-Secretary of State. He is a strong man, but this strong man is a poor financier; in two years he has succeeded in spending twelve millions. The Duchess is ruined, she is obliged to sell the old historical Château of Mousseaux; that would be nothing if Paul loved her, but she has found him out; she knows him, though she still loves him: she knows that he has two intrigues, that he has seduced the innocent daughter of one of her own dependents, called Vaillant; that he wants to be divorced from herself and to marry a rich Austrian Jew girl, one of those foreigners who are drawn to Paris as butterflies are drawn to a light. She refuses to be divorced; she will not give him his liberty, and go through the farce which might procure him a separation.

We find them together in the third act in

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Paris. Twenty-five guests have been invited to a great dinner; the Under-Secretary, Paul Astier, has not yet arrived. His two secretaries are waiting for him, and while they wait, they develop at leisure their fine theories on modern progress. They are cynical and amusing; they speak of their master with admiration mixed with some contempt. Paul Astier comes. He remains alone with his first secretary, and tells him, while he is rapidly dressing for dinner, how he was detained by Mlle. Vaillant, who wanted to poison herself. Mlle. Vaillant is the poor girl whom Astier has seduced at the same moment that he is looking for a new wife; she has discovered that Astier loves another woman, and tried to kill herself with a bottle of strychnine. Astier had taken the little bottle from her; there it is—he puts it on a table. He dresses hurriedly, talks with his secretary about his troubles, complains of the opposition of the Duchess to a divorce; he is a ruined man if he cannot marry his Austrian Jew girl. The secretary goes, and then, suddenly, in view of the small bottle of strychnine, a poison which leaves no trace, the thought of a crime darts through Astier's mind. The criminal man becomes conscious; he says nothing; we see him put the bottle aside; we understand at once that the Duchess will be poisoned.

The great official dinner has been followed by a concert, and during the concert the Duchess comes a moment to her bedroom to have a little rest. Paul Astier follows her; she is nearly fainting—wants a little air, a little water. Astier goes himself to get it, and he brings her a poisoned glass. As she is lifting it to her lips this strong man has a moment—shall I say of conscience? of revulsion? He stops her, takes her arm and hand. What has come across his mind? Is it a vision of the scaffold, or has he only a little pity on his victim? She understands him: she tells him all that she has in her heart; but this pathetic scene ends in an unexpected manner—she consents to be divorced from him. He is free; he can marry another woman. Of course the day of retribution will come. At the very moment when Paul Astier, now free, is going round the gardens of Mousseaux with his Jewish bride, old Vaillant arrives, with many other people, as the auction is going to take place. He has his daughter to avenge; in a few moments the happy Astier will be again the possessor of Mousseaux, as his young bride will bid for it; Vaillant meets him, and says to him quietly: "The strongest must kill the weakest," and he kills him with a revolver's shot.

Such is this new drama, which does not differ from any melodrama except by its pretension to deal with the philosophical questions of the day, and by the unfortunate introduction in the literature of the boulevards of scientific terms and theories which are not made for the public of our theatres, and which this public is entirely incapable of understanding.

Correspondence.

CLEVELAND'S REFORM LEADERSHIP.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: So far as one may correctly judge from a slight acquaintance, ex-President Cleveland sincerely wishes, I think, to go his own way, and be no more a "public character" than events compel. He cannot, however, avoid a certain amount of public consideration; and it is certainly with no purpose towards him of personal laudation that attention is called to the rather exceptional representative position he has come to occupy with reference to the two most important questions of the hour, namely, civil-service reform and tariff reform.

There are strong indications that the cause of tariff reform will almost take care of itself. The logic of politics has solidified the Democrats upon it, until the prominent, influential Democratic leaders who do not openly favor a material reduction and thorough reform of the tariff, in the direction of a tariff for revenue only, could be loaded into an omnibus. Events have made Mr. Cleveland the leader and exponent of his party upon that question. Equally significant seem the indications that if the Republicans do not, in this Congress, substantially follow the same lead, and at least make a start in the work of reforming the tariff to a revenue basis, the next general elections will go overwhelmingly against them. In either event Mr. Cleveland conspicuously leads the way.

But civil-service reform does not fare so well. Its enemies have evidently "got their second wind"; and the Farwell-Gorman element in both parties is coming to the front with propositions for repeal or emasculation of the law, by withholding appropriations, etc. What is wanted is a courageous leader who can hold the *Democrats* to the principle of that reform. Mr. Cleveland's speech at the Mercantile Club banquet in Boston shows that he can be relied upon. In other words, if the Democrats, sincerely determined to reform and lower the tariff as they undoubtedly are, follow where Cleveland leads on that question, they must follow him also on the other; and it is the other which most needs leadership within the party organizations.

Upon the single question of civil-service reform, it is almost certain he could not carry his party with him; but, uniting the two, as he seems determined shall be done, if his voice is to be potent, the strength of his party organization upon both these great questions may be substantially cast in the line of the truest public interest. As a matter of practical politics, this would mean not only that the reform law will stay, but that the only material changes in it which time will bring will be in the direction of its greater efficiency. If the Democrats can be held only half-way right, that reform is not in serious danger. B.

Burlington, Iowa, December 21, 1889.

OBJECTIONS TO THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Here in Massachusetts, where the Australian balloting system has been tried with marked success in the State and municipal elections of the year, there are still some grumblers among the honest portion of the people. The principal causes of dissatisfaction are two: one present, the other future. The first cause is the fact that, under the present system, many do not vote for minor officers. The second cause is the probable number of mistakes that will be made in 1892, when fourteen electors will have to be selected from an alphabetical list of at least forty-two.

To these objections we, who are believers in the law, answer, that the first is an argument for rather than against the system, and that the remedy for the second can be easily found.

The first objection means that the Australian system has introduced a standard higher than the mere ability to read and write—the standard of intelligent interest. The voter of former years took a printed ticket that was handed him, made sure that it was headed Republican or Democratic, and voted it. In nine cases out of ten the voter in a municipal election cared little about the nominees for School Committee. Under the present system the voter takes, as a rule, some interest in the officers for whom he votes. To-day the School Boards in our cities are more likely to be chosen by those taking an intelligent interest than ever before. No better illustration can be given than the city of Newton. There a nominee for the School Board on the Republican ticket was defeated by a majority of over 600, notwithstanding the election of the Republican nominee for Mayor by over 200. Under the old system such a change in results would have been well-nigh impossible. Under the present one the parents, alumni, and scholars by arousing an interest were able to elect an able man in the place of a poor one. Any one would declare absurd a proposition to allow the people of Massachusetts to help the citizens of New York elect a Governor. A little thought will show that it is just as absurd to regret that residents who care and know nothing about minor offices neglect to vote for men to fill them.

The objection based on a probable confusion in the choice of Presidential electors is more formidable in fancy than in fact. The remedy is easily found and as easily applied. Each State has the right to fix the manner in which its electors shall be chosen. At present each voter votes for the entire number. It would be much simpler to have each voter vote for three—two at large and one from the voter's Congressional district. This would give a much fairer and better index of the popular wish than we have at present. It would naturally be opposed by selfish politicians, but to be adopted it needs only the support of the people who believe in fair elections whose results shall voice the popular wish untainted by corruption. Samuel Alden Granson.

Boston, Mass., December 23, 1889.

PARTIES AND YOUNG VOTERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: That the trend of young voters is to the Democratic party may be true; but will you permit one "constant reader" to express what must be the thought of many others—that any increase in power of the Democratic party is something earnestly to be deprecated rather than welcomed, as your article implies? This is not to say that your strictures on the Republican leaders and their policy are not all well founded, but the pot is not made whiter by calling the kettle black. Nor should I deny that it is sometimes advisable to vote for the Democratic candidate, whether for President or for selectman; indeed, without an occasional victory of the opposition, the most virtuous party leaders become corrupt. What can fairly be claimed is, that the patriotic and well-informed part of the community have no use for the Democratic party except as a check upon the anti-Democratic party, under whatever name this may figure; from which it is evident that any permanent increase in Democratic strength will be a misfortune.

I am aware that the claim of the Republicans to superior virtue is often laughed at; yet, leaving the South out of the question, it seems to me that the truth of the claim is obvious. The Republican party will very likely perish through the selfishness or folly of its leaders, as the Federalists and Whigs did before it; but whatever is good in the political future must come from the kind of men who have formed the body of these parties. What is the strength of the Democrats is precisely what should cause it to be regarded with unceasing distrust, suspicion, and fear. It is the

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party of the "Residuum." It is that to which the ignorant, the unscrupulous, the criminal inevitably gravitate. Its strongholds are the abodes of the illiterate or vicious, and its usual weapons are appeals to ignorance and prejudice. That occasionally its leaders are men of high character and sound sense does not prove the contrary any more than the performances of the Republican office-holders under Grant and Harrison show the corruption of the rank and file.

What is needed is that the trend of young voters be towards independence, and it is in the sons of Republican fathers that will be found those qualities which make independence valuable; not among those who have grown up in a Democratic atmosphere. W: M. G.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., December 27, 1889.

[Our correspondent will not suppose that we have welcomed the accession of fresh and youthful blood to the Democratic party any further than this has been brought about by the natural gravitation of life to that which is living. That the party of the "Residuum" is now, rather than its rival, a vital organization, controlled (in the main) by patriotic and reformatory elements, we firmly believe. That it is so in every State or lesser locality, or that it will always remain so, we do not believe, nor do we conceive that the genuine Independent ever votes with it for the party's sake, or wears its name as a badge of party fealty. And why should we "leave the South out of the question," with its sad and vast "Residuum" of ignorance, venality, and barbarism which slavery has bequeathed to the Republican party? The voter who would choose aright can safely confine himself to the question, Which party is, at this epoch, dominated by leaders who point away from the Residuum, however much they must depend upon it for majorities?—ED. NATION.]

BACHE, NOT DUANE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Had Mr. Duane waited one more week he would have received satisfaction without laying himself so open to criticism on the score of the very charge of "careless literary or publication work" that he brings against me. For he would not then have been compelled to condemn half of my account of the Washington letters (forged), because of a single misstatement, or to have committed such a glaring and incomprehensible error as to affirm the impossibility of the publication of an article, which a mere reference to a file of the *Aurora*, March 6, 1797, would have shown was printed in type as cold as the malignant spirit of the writer. My error was in attributing that article to the pen of Duane, a statement made first, I believe, by John Park, who published the *New England Repertory*, issued at Newburyport, Mass., and repeated again and again without any public contradiction or denial of authorship. I had collected some half-dozen references in which Duane was denounced as the writer, and it was not until two weeks ago that, by mere chance, I found a letter from Duane to Rev. Mr. Bentley of Salem, Mass., in which he denies the authorship, and gives an interesting account of his connection with the *Aurora*. As I still appear to know somewhat more of the subject than his namesake, my critic, I send you two paragraphs that bear upon this particular libel, really the only point worthy of notice raised by Mr. Duane:

"Allusion is made in a late *Repertory* to a publication in the *Aurora* of 6 March, 1797, relating to the resignation of Genl. Washington. On the subject of that article my opinion now is of no importance, but as the use of it shows that the cunning and falsehood of Dr. Park are alike adverse to the end which he proposes to obtain, I think it proper to inform you that I was not concerned with the *Aurora* at the time of that publication. Mr. Bache (Dr. Franklin's grandson) was then the editor of the *Aurora*, and I was at that time the editor of the paper now published by Bradford. Mr. Bache died of the yellow fever in September, 1798, and I became editor on the first of November following. So that Dr. Park has either wilfully passed the bounds of veracity or servilely adopted the imposture offence of his coadjutor. I noticed this imposture before in a Connecticut paper, published by a clergyman who formerly edited the *Balance*. I forget his name, but he introduced a letter of Genl. Washington's to Mr. Humphreys, in which allusion is made to Bache's paper; yet this Mr.—aye Mr. Lampper has thought it fit to transfer all the acts of Mr. Bache upon Duane's head. By-the-bye, I have no objection to accepting all the censure that my predecessor was liable; but it is fit that it should not be done in this disingenuous way.

"Let me have the merit of what I do; and when the question is put to me as to the acts of my predecessor, let me have the manly privilege of showing why and how I undertake to become responsible for them.

"You may not, perhaps, know that the family of Dr. Franklin, and the Doctor himself during his latter years, had not been treated by Genl. Washington as he and they appear to have merited. Indeed after the Doctor's death his family was in a virtual state of proscription even in the midst of this city, and this state of things too palpably countenanced by the General himself; from what cause it may be in vain to premise, but such was the unpleasant fact, and Mr. Bache who was in a manner the favorite of Dr. Franklin was one of those who felt proscription in his family—his industry, and his fortune, it was marked and pointed against him to a degree that you could not conceive without some intimacy with the affairs of the day, and on the spot. Mr. Bache, who next to idolized his grandfather, felt all the culpability that belongs to virtuous minds, and all the indignation of a generous spirit; and he had a right to exult when Genl. Washington felt in his turn the 'slings and arrows of fortune.' He certainly did exult, and with good cause."

So, on Duane's own statement, I transfer the credit (?) of having penned this "classic of unseemly libel" from his shoulders to those of Bache, leaving a warm sympathy in the sentiments expressed in that libel to Duane. I do this gladly in justice to the memory of Duane, and trust his namesake, who conceives the publication of the libel an impossibility, will be satisfied with this correction. As he protests against careless historical writing, I protest against the carelessness of critics who, seizing upon a single error, use it to damn an entire work. If Mr. Duane will read Carpenter's history of the Jefferson Administration, he will be better able to judge of the character of one who was by no means the least of a clique of scurrilous journalists—William Duane. WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

WASHINGTON, December 26, 1889.

POOR FARMING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In southeastern Ohio, along the Ohio River, is a tract of hilly land in which the soil was originally a loose black loam, of varying depth, with a substratum of clay. When first cleared, it would produce abundant crops of almost any farm product suited to that climate. The one great drawback is the steepness of the hillsides, which renders cultivation laborious and causes the loose soil to wash badly.

The most of this land has been farmed for two or three generations, and a passage through it during the summer will readily indicate to the close observer some of the leading reasons for the present depression in agriculture. If you were to stand with me on one of these hills, about the first feature to attract your attention would be hillsides on every hand seamed with deep ravines, so numerous as to be almost indistinguishable, showing the underlying red clay even for a distance of several miles. In some places whole acres will be so badly washed that scarcely a green thing can find sufficient nourishment for existence. Here and there the ruins of an old tobacco-house loom up in the midst of these waste places, telling of productiveness in days gone by, and telling, too, to the well-informed, the reason why, in many cases, that productiveness has passed away.

But your eye will not long dwell upon the scene until, here and there, an oasis in this dreary desert will appear. On some level hilltop or "flat," lower down, stands a modest but comfortable farm-house, a barn, less modest sometimes, and scarcely less comfortable, than the house and other outbuildings, in proportion. The fields around are green, the fences are in good order, and the signs of comfort, if not of actual prosperity, are unmistakable. Now, what makes the difference? Simply the manner in which the natural advantages have been used. This man's land was no more fertile when first brought under cultivation than the lands surrounding, and the rain torrents have passed over his steep hillsides just as often and as copiously as over those of his neighbors. He has calculated his disadvantages in advance, and has guarded against them; they have not. They were tempted, years ago, by the high price of tobacco to clear off their woodland and put it to tobacco again and again until tobacco and washing rains together have left none of the virgin fertility behind to tell the tale. He, on the other hand, has kept his steep hillsides almost constantly in grass, so that exhaustion by washing has been reduced to the minimum. And so we might continue enumerating points which have come to our notice again and again, showing the widest divergence in agricultural results where the natural conditions are substantially identical.

No reasonable man can doubt, after investigation, that taxation, and much else which passes by the name of taxation, has placed agriculture at a decided disadvantage in comparison with many other pursuits; but the person who desires to do anything towards the general elevation of farming industries must not for a moment lose sight of the wretchedly inadequate methods almost universally employed by the farmers themselves. We have often asked men of personal experience in such matters how many farms they could name which yield an amount of produce reasonably approximating their full capacity, and have never met a man who could name one such instance. Wheat and corn are two of Ohio's staple products; and yet it is true that the average yield of neither, in a good year, is one-half what reasonably good soil with fair cultivation has often been known to produce.

With such facts as these everywhere in view, it is plain that there is a sufficient basis of hope for a revival of agricultural prosperity. It will come whenever farmers as a class become sufficiently imbued with the scientific spirit of the age to conduct their operations upon scientific principles. The old notion that a farmer needs no other training than to have been born under the roof of a farm-house must be thoroughly eradicated, and a science of farming must be developed and placed where it be-

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longs, far above many of the most honored sciences of the day. How much longer shall it be said, to the reproach of one of the oldest and most honorable occupations, that the intelligent young men of the land all turn away from it because it gives no exercise to the higher faculties of their nature? There is scarcely a more promising field for scientific investigation in existence than is offered by agriculture, if those who are directly interested in its development can only be induced to employ the proper scientific methods. If a fair proportion of the earnest and industrious college-bred men who are yearly going out into the world will only turn their attention in this direction, they will occupy a higher position in the opinion of posterity two or three generations hence than there is any prospect of gaining in the crowded ranks of politics, law, or mercantile pursuits. Ceres has no lack of good things to bestow if American farmers will only lay the required sacrifices upon her altar, but she will not brook neglect. W. H. JOHNSON.

THE EASTERN FARMER ONCE MORE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few words more about the decay of the farming interest and the proposed remedies. I cannot quite agree with Mr. Clarence Gordon in his assignment of causes. His first cause is the lack of quick capital. He says: "Farming, contrary to the practice in other businesses, is, in the majority of cases, taken up or inherited without any other capital than that dead in a plant rigorously taxed. . . . Other businesses providently lay by some art or grace, but this boasts no surplus save nature's alms." This is the first time I ever knew the New England farmer to be accused of spendthrift and improvident habits. The reverse seems to me the truth. Twenty years ago a very large proportion of New England farmers had money in the savings banks, invested in United States bonds, or loaned out at interest. From these stores were drawn the moderate sums necessary to educate the boys for future college presidents and legislators; on the income of such accumulations many an old age of comfort has been spent; and on the capital advanced by the "old folks at home" have been built the fortunes of many of the boys who went to the city. Even to-day I know a few—a *very few*—farmers who hold Western mortgages. The lack of capital cannot have been the cause of failure in farming.

Moreover, capital is *never wanting* where good returns are promised. Loans on farm mortgages have always been a favorite investment. If farming were profitable in New England, a hundred millions would be at command here more readily than in Minneapolis or Kansas City. The great majority of business enterprises are carried on largely by means of borrowed capital. The farmer who has a farm two-thirds paid for is relatively as well capitalized as four-fifths of the merchants and manufacturers. The trouble has not been lack of capital to invest, but rather that the capital invested has been sunk. If Judge Nott's Mr. Foster had invested what he has spent on buildings and in improving his farm, at 4 per cent. interest, and had worked as a common laborer, he would probably be a richer man than he now is.

I am frank to admit that it might be difficult to borrow capital for farming *now*, and for very good reasons—the chances are that it would be lost. Two years ago, when trying to dispose of an excellent New Hampshire farm, I was somewhat disconcerted when my desired customer showed me a letter from the treasurer of a savings bank, to which he had applied for a loan, reading: "We decline to loan one dollar on any farm in the town of ——." Furthermore, farmers have not been backward in investing their own capital or in borrowing of others when they saw a fair chance to obtain good returns. The men who now are managing the great business interests of the country would, many of them, have been New England farmers had not circumstances driven them from the farms; such men are not from a class that fails to see the opportunities for gain if such there be. The farmer who has *saved* his "quick capital" instead of investing it in his farm, is the only comfortable one to-day.

Again, Mr. Gordon says the farmer has no well-defined system of finance, by which he seems to mean that the farmer has not been an elaborate bookkeeper. Perhaps the farmer would have stopped farming sooner had he had the black-and-white results of his labors before him; but good business methods on a farm do not need anything like the system necessary to the merchant. The New England farmer has generally—to his praise be it said—done business on a *cash basis*; the credit system is the cause of bookkeeping. Who ever knew a farmer that could not tell what he paid for that cow, and whether she proved well or not? I remember one farmer who was an elaborate bookkeeper: he could tell by reference the pedigree and age of every hen and pig; he knew how much they ate, how much income he got from them; he could prognosticate their future as well as Venner can Boston weather. He spent his father's fortune, his wife's fortune, failed twice, and finally went West, leaving his unscientific neighbors to mourn for the money he owed them. Red tape will never save farming.

Probably the farmer does not "study the *world* of trade," nor, for that matter, does the groceryman nor the manufacturer. Our foreign trade does not show that any one in America is much given to such study. The farmer may not be quite so well posted as the business man of the city; he tries to raise something that will sell, and, if he doesn't succeed one year, tries something else the next. Certainly he has not learned to "work" the Secretary of the Treasury so as to have the national Government guarantee him a good market for all he may produce.

I find nothing in Mr. Gordon's reasons that satisfactorily explains why farming should decay while other industries flourish. I am driven back to my three causes—of Western competition, direct taxation, and indirect taxation. I had thought of the first as mainly natural and unavoidable until Judge Nott pointed out that that, too, results from Governmental interference; the farmer has more reason to curse his legislators than I thought.

As to Mr. Gordon's remedy, I find one fatal objection, besides the apparent impracticability of the scheme: it is not a remedy at all. The alarming feature of the situation under discussion is *not* an impending lack of farm products, or even the entire desertion of New England, though that would be a calamity. We shall have food enough, and the world will not suffer because it is not produced in New England. The real cause for anxiety is, that the economic conditions are now such as to make the *farm home* impossible. It has not been merely the occupation of tilling the soil that has made the country population of New England so robust and so active in mind and spirit; it has been the combination of that occupation with the *peculiar environment and influences of the farm home*. The deplorable aspect of the situation is not the industrial, it is the social and moral. What great people have not been continually reinforced and revivified from the mass of small farmers? *Latifundia Italiam perdiderunt.* Joint-stock farming has no greater virtue than joint-stock lumbering. Invoke "[illegible]ted capital" and centralized administration into agriculture, and our interest in it becomes purely an economic one. Such a scheme misses the whole point of the discussion. Who cares whether a *company* for wheat-raising or cattle-raising succeeds or not? The very isolation of the farm home has been one of its advantages. On the farm, the *family* have gone into business together; from this, it seems to me, have come most of those results which all recognize as so valuable. To substitute a huge industrial machine, with president, directors, superintendents, and laborers, for the old farm home is revolution, not remedy.

Moreover, it would accelerate the present decay. Suppose such a plan to succeed: it would necessarily put forth a large product; competition would be increased, the small farmer would feel another turn of the screw. One of the most intelligent men I know, who is putting more brains and energy into his farm than go into most manufactories, said to me the other day that he thought Commissioner Bachelder's scheme of colonizing New Hampshire with Swedes, if it succeeded, would injure the Yankee farmer greatly: it would mean simply more competition, and competition from a class whose tastes and habits allow them to live on very little outlay. The analogy of the Chinese in California is in point.

It must be admitted that farming "by wholesale" is probably inevitable; my point is that such a change is no equivalent for the old method. I see no reason to doubt that the small farmer is sentenced as surely as the small manufacturer is executed. Possibly we shall do very well without any small industries in which a large number are trained to self-reliance, independence, and individual responsibility. History gives little ground for such a belief.

One point more: Both "G. B." and Mr. Gordon propose the old method of Government favoritism to promote their remedies. "G. B." would relieve the overtaxed farmer by putting *all* taxes on land, and exempting personal property entirely. By some unexplained process, as mysterious to my untutored mind as that of transubstantiation, the acute farmer is to find himself greatly benefited, while the stupidly pleased owner of personal property will unconsciously bear the burden he supposes on the land-owner's shoulders. Mr. Gordon thinks his farming corporation would so benefit the neighborhood that it could "well afford to exempt the company's personal property from taxation." Somebody must pay taxes; if one kind of property is exempt, other kinds have the greater burden. If it is not good policy for the farmers that manufacturing corporations be exempt, much less that farming corporations should go free. Our railroad companies think themselves much abused that the Canadian Pacific is not subjected to the same burdens, and yet is allowed to compete with them.

Had the farmer been fairly dealt with, his decline would have been gradual, and slight compared with his actual experience. Would it not be well to try Nature's laws awhile, to give *laissez-faire* a chance? One need not be excessively devout, nor possess faith sufficient to remove mountains, in order to believe that Providence would have directed the industries of America as well as have our legislatures,

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national and State, for the past generation. Thirty years ago we had a flourishing foreign trade, with a large merchant marine; we had a large and prosperous class of small farmers; we had a fairly homogeneous and thoroughly American population throughout our Northern States. We entered on an era of governmental interference; we adopted protection; gave away land and built railroads to it; fostered emigration in all artificial ways. We have now very little foreign trade, almost no merchant marine, a ruined yeomanry, and a heterogeneous population composed largely of the dregs of Europe, many of them without an American instinct or idea. This is not purely a case of *post hoc, propter hoc.* As well take quinine for a ringing in the head as apply the same method to remedy existing evils.

Take off the oppressive tariff, equalize direct taxation; then, if "farming don't pay," let it go. G. W. A.

Boston, December 24, 1889.

SHORTENING COLLEGE COURSES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent issue you published several letters on rigidity as to time of university and college courses. I write to call the attention of your readers to the fact that, under the able administration of Dr. S. S. Laws, this "premium upon the qualities which should characterize a real student" was offered by the Missouri State University. Also, the disadvantage suggested in the letter from "Teacher" is counteracted precisely as he would have it done. It was a saying familiar to my college days that special examinations were much harder than regular ones; that if a student "made up" a subject, more work would be required of him than of the class. I remember one instance: A classmate asked me how much Greek we had read the previous year, saying he had been out of school for a year, and must do the work out of class-room; when we compared what I had read in class with what he was required to read, we found his task double mine, perhaps three times as great. As I write, the names of many bright or faithful students present themselves to mind who have taken the four years' course in less time, or who have done extra work.

An Alumna of the Missouri State University.

AARON'S ROD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your last issue (No. 1277, p. 505) the reviewer of Adams's 'Administration of Jefferson,' in describing a Boston banquet of Federalist chieftains, says the following toast was volunteered in honor of Aaron Burr: "Aaron's rod: May it blossom in New York, and may Federalists be still and applaud while the great serpent swallows the less!" Regarding this effusion the reviewer says: "The volunteer symposiarch had strangely forgot that the rod which blossomed in the Biblical story was not the *same* with the rod that swallowed serpents." In truth, however, the strange forgetting was all on the side of the reviewer. It is written in Exodus (vii., 11), that "the magicians cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents, but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods." Again, it is written in Numbers (xvii., 6) that "the rod of Aaron was among the twelve rods laid up before the Lord," and that on the morrow it was found that "the rod of Aaron was budded, and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds." No Biblical text, revised version, or various reading countenances the notion that Aaron did not in both cases use the same, the self-same rod, or that he ever used more than one rod.

It is recorded in both Old and New Testaments (Hebrews ix., 4) that after the second miracle that rod was most carefully preserved. We have hence a right to infer that such care for it had been inspired by the first miracle.

This latest escapade confirms a conviction to which many others have pointed—that when nurslings of our Sabbath-schools with all modern improvements essay to show Scriptural ignorance on the part of Puritans trained a century ago, they attack their adversaries in their strongest point, and their failure is foreordained. They repeat the experience of Æsop's viper who bit the file. The blood they draw will be all their own.

A Western Minister.

[It appears from the Biblical narrative that the rod which swallowed serpents was really the rod of Moses (Exodus iv. 2-4), and that it was wielded by Aaron for miraculous purposes as the vicegerent or "prophet" of his brother (Exodus iv. 17; vii. 1-12). The rod which "budded" was one of twelve rods, selected to be representative of the twelve tribes of Israel, with the understanding that the high-priesthood should belong to him whose rod was found to have "blossomed" over night, after they had all been placed "in the Tabernacle of the Congregation" (Numbers xvii. 1-9; Hebrews ix. 4). In order to make the test perfectly fair in the eyes of the people, Moses was commanded to write Aaron's name "on the rod of Levi," but our reverend censor thinks that Moses took his own rod (which he knew to be of miraculous power) and substituted it for the "rod of Levi," after having written the name of Aaron on it! Such supposed trickery on the part of the great Hebrew lawgiver is supported by nothing in the Bible, and the suspicion of it is a pure "escapade" of the Western commentator, who seems to be more familiar with the Fables of Æsop than with the miracles of the Old Testament. Certainly, if he had ever read the seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, fourteenth, and seventeenth chapters in the Book of Exodus he could not have fallen into the mistake of supposing that the miracle of the "blossoms" was the "second miracle" recorded in connection with "Aaron's rod."—Ed. Nation.]

BE DONE AND *HAVE DONE.*

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: While complimenting me on my acquaintance with English usage in the matter of language, Mr. J. R. Lowell applies the epithet "pedagogic" to the expression "be obliged and *have done with it*," which still seems to me, as it seemed when I recommended it, unexceptionable. That one has credit for knowing even the dialect of schoolmasters ought, however, to be encouraging, I suppose.

Of his unprepense "be obliged and *be done* with it" Mr. Lowell holds that the fault lies in "the awkward repetition of the 'be.'" But, if it is only the resumption of the "be" that blemishes the phrase, the "done," no imperative, is short for "be done," which, in the interest of syntax, had certainly better be allowed to stand.

With the like of "be obliged and *done* with it," which Mr. Lowell calls "the conversational form," I am perfectly familiar, as a property of the uneducated. Used by any one else, otherwise than humorously, such a vulgarism would surprise me not a little.

Nearly everybody, when speaking rapidly, says, for instance, "I shouldn't 'a believed it," "I wouldn't 'a *done* so." Yet, so far as England is concerned, none but the illiterate, to my knowledge, say "do it and 'a *done* with it," often broken down, by them, to "do it and *done* with it." Of the reputableness of "be obliged and *done* with it" my estimate, as compared with Mr. Lowell's, is, therefore, peculiar.

Your obedient servant, F. H.

Marlesford, England, December 9, 1889.

Notes.

Longmans, Green & Co. will publish immediately the papers of Sir George Bowen, edited by Stanley Lane-Poole. Glimpses of Washington society during Grant's Administration appear in them.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. have nearly ready translations of Anatole France's 'Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard' and Valdés's latest novel, 'La Hermana San Sulpicio'—the latter by Mr. N. H. Dole.

The circular of the admirable Librairie des Bibliophiles announces that the works of Villon and Pascal will be included in the excellent "Nouvelle Bibliothèque Classique," and also, in due season, those of Stendhal, Chateaubriand, and Gérard de Nerval. To the series of "Curiosités Historiques et Littéraries," M. Monval, the librarian of the Comédie-Française, will contribute a collection of the letters of Adrienne Lecouvreur.

The author of "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie" has just published a brief eulogy of the author of "L'Aventurière" and "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," but we do not think that 'Émile Augier, par Édouard Pailleron' (Paris: Calmann Lévy; New York: F. W. Christern), is quite worthy either of its writer or of its subject. M. Pailleron is warm in his admiration and hearty in his eulogy, as becomes a man who praises the friend scarcely cold in his grave, but the tribute is a little disappointing in that it does not contain a vigorous portrayal of Augier. Of course M. Pailleron's little pamphlet is pleasantly written, with all the charm of style we look for in the prose of a French dramatist, and it contains an anecdote or two which give us a further insight into Augier's character.

Mr. Austin Dobson has followed up his editions of 'Gay's Fables,' 'Eighteenth Century Essays,' and the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' in the Parchment Library, with a volume of selections from the poems of Matthew Prior.

Anything that tends to spread abroad the technical knowledge which is the foundation of any art, is always to be welcomed, and we therefore recommend 'Bookbinding for Amateurs,' by Mr. W. J. E. Crane (London: L. Upcott Gill), a manual which will explain to the novice every step of the process of "forwarding" and "finishing," with the aid of more than a hundred and fifty illustrations. It may be doubted whether the amateur is as likely to be as successful as a bookbinder as he has been in some of the other arts—photography, for example; but there can be no doubt that an understanding of the principles of bibliopegy would be useful to all book-lovers. As far as the "forwarding" is concerned, Mr. Crane's manual seems excellent—clear in its explanations and sensible in its advice. When it comes to the "finishing," that is to say, to

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the ornamentation of the bound book, Mr. Crane does not rise above the rather low average of contemporary British taste in bookbinding. His designs (pp. 152–176) are none of them beautiful—indeed, most of them are positively ugly. Unless the binder has really studied the principles of decoration, he had best confine himself to the modest task of reproducing the designs of the best binders of the past.

The preface to the *Almanach de Gotha* for 1890 (New York: B. Westermann & Co.) begins with noting not changes of dynasty, but two substitutions in its own editorial staff, which it pronounces eminently satisfactory, and a guarantee of continued excellence in both departments of this veteran work. The genealogical portion has been rearranged, revised, and extended. The house of Braganza remains untouched, but the revolution in Brazil is recorded among the addenda, where the most important other items are censuses of Chili (estimated pop. 3,115,000) and Greece (official, 2,187,208). The Crown Prince of Greece and his Prussian bride are two of the *Almanach's* four portraits, and President Harrison makes a third, although his appearance in the White House caused the editors the greatest trouble in respect of alterations in the administrative personnel. The rubric Central America has been abandoned pending the renewal of the federation. In many other ways which we cannot specify, the *Almanach* has undergone a vigorous and intelligent overhauling.

Macmillan & Co. have issued a 'Supplement to Annals of Our Time,' edited by Joseph Irving for the period from July 22, 1878, to the Jubilee, June 20, 1887. It is a diary of events throughout the world, with special attention to the British. The paging is continuous with that of the 'Annals of Our Time.' The index is fairly comprehensive, but for names of persons it is complete only under Obituary, which is a very convenient list, although the accuracy of the several notices must by no means be taken for granted. In one of these (American), consisting of six lines, there are at least six errors, beginning with the date assigned to the death.

The *American Annual of Photography* for 1890 (New York: Scovill & Adams Co.) will be valued for the customary amount and variety of contributed articles, as well as for its lists of photographic societies in all parts of the world, of photographic periodicals and current publications, and for its examples of "process" engraving, beginning with a portrait of Mr. Edison, which forms the frontispiece. The oddest of all the subjects selected is undoubtedly the strolling negro-minstrel performance in front of "John Brown's Fort" (the old engine-house of the Armory), at Harper's Ferry. The lower part of this historic building has had to be boarded up in order to prevent chipping of the bricks by relic-hunters!

A very handsome affair is 'The Book of Wedding Days' (Longmans), devised to commemorate the silver-wedding anniversary of the Prince and Princess of Wales (March 10, 1888). It is a quarto volume, consisting of poetical selections for every day in the year, set beside a blank space for the recording of marriages. These quotations have been supplied by three ladies, and Mr. Walter Crane has furnished decorative borders for every page without repeating the design. The whole is printed in red. Mr. Crane's cupids, which form an integral part of every conceit, get a little cloying at last, it must be confessed. As a rule, there are four blank spaces to each page, but sometimes fewer, and a whole page is given up to the royal date of March 10. It must be said for the quotations that they are not wholly honeyed, but take account of the discordances of married life. In such a record, however, the malapropos is as amusing as the nice fit is gratifying.

Miss Kate Sanborn's 'Rainbow Calendar' (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a duodecimo volume of 366 pages, without pagination, each day and page being furnished with poetical and prose extracts having occasional reference to the season, but without other unity except the idea of a cheerful spirit. The pages are left unfilled in the lower portion, that the purchaser may insert what pleases him from his own reading.

'Schiller Immortellen' (Philadelphia: I. Kohler) is a little birthday and remembrance book for young and old—a page of selections facing a blank page bearing two dates. A few engravings serve the purpose of adornment. Schiller's prose is quite as freely drawn upon as his verse.

The second volume of Prof. Masson's edition of De Quincey's Collected Writings (Macmillan) continues the autobiography from 1803 to 1808, and follows this with "Literary and Lake Reminiscences" in eleven chapters—a perfect mine for the tourist of the lake district, as for the student of literature. The illustrations consist of a steel engraving of De Quincey, and wood-cut youthful portraits of Coleridge and Wordsworth from originals in the National Portrait Gallery.

It is in keeping with the foregoing to mention the latest edition of the 'Essays of Elia' (London: David Stott; New York: Macmillan), in two of the companionable pocket volumes of the "Stott Library." They are reprinted without introduction or notes, but are embellished with photogravure illustrations of Lamb's tableted cottage at Edmonton and of his tomb.

That the world grows younger is evidenced by the curious facsimile reprint of the sole copy known to exist of the first edition of John Bunyan's 'A Book for Boys and Girls; or, Country Rhymes for Children' (A. C. Armstrong & Son). It is true that "J. B." intimates, in his epistle to the courteous reader, that he writes for old as well as young; but on the other hand, he starts off with a sort of horn-book "to learn children" to read English, spell Christian names, and to know figures and numeral letters, and passes on to a rhymed version of the Ten Commandments. After this, it must be a very mature youngster indeed that could comfort himself by the perusal of Bunyan's rhymes, or that could pick from the rough mass of them the nuggets of genuine poesy. The reproduction has been very well carried out. The preface is by Bunyan's capable biographer, the Rev. John Brown, and he tells us that the original volume, now finally at rest in the British Museum, was once owned by a collector in this city.

The announcement of *Scribner's Magazine* for 1890 includes a number and variety of attractive features altogether too great to be summarized; but we may select as of especial interest two articles upon Ericsson by his biographer; the sketches of "Life on a Modern War-Ship," by Mr. Zogbaum, who accompanies the Squadron of Evolution on its cruise; the series upon City, Suburban, and Country Homes, with collateral papers on the results of Building Associations; that on "The Citizen's Rights," which will deal with those rights and privileges which he is entitled to as a householder, traveller, user of streets, etc., but which he suffers himself to be deprived of; and that upon the Continent of Africa, which is to be presented in many interesting phases. A new serial by an anonymous author is promised, and large claims are made for it by the editors; while literature is to be represented by articles on Lamb, Mme. de Staël, and others. The papers which we do not name include the subjects of our own ethnography as affected by physical environment; mining, electric roads, caricature, landscape decoration, psychology, picture sales, opera, hunting; and many others.

The *New England Magazine* for December has a paper, which seems authoritative and final, on the "Origin of the John Brown Song," by George Kimball, who was in at the birth. This, as is well known, took place at Fort Warren in Boston Harbor, and it is also notorious that Fletcher Webster's regiment (Twelfth Massachusetts) was the first to sing it in the streets of Boston. Mr. Kimball shows how the words were improvised to fit the tune of a Methodist revivalist hymn, "Say, brothers, will you meet us?" He prints two facsimiles of the earliest broadsides of the song, the second (1861) giving the music, and bearing the inscription, "Origin, Fort Warren."

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for December opens with a paper, read before the British Association by H. B. Guppy, descriptive of a foot-journey along the south coast of West Java. In it he shows the strong probability "that Java and Sumatra have never been united in the past, but that they probably will be joined in the future," since they lie in the same area of upheaval. This is in opposition to the tradition that the two islands were disrupted during some ancient eruption of Krakatoa. Mr. J. P. Thomson gives an account of Kadavu, one of the Fijis, the most noteworthy statement in which is that the natives had from the earliest times such a knowledge of astronomy as to regulate their agricultural operations by the stars. "Even now," he says, "the times for sowing and for reaping are generally indicated by the apparent positions of the constellations, that of the Pleiades, *Vrusa;* Crucio, *Na Iri;* and Orion, *Na Ga*, being prominent." A word of special commendation should be given to the excellent index to the volume which is completed by this number. It is remarkably full and well-arranged for the purposes of reference.

We have received from the auctioneer, Thomas E. Kirby, the catalogue of the library of Americana of the late S. L. M. Barlow, which is to be sold at the American Art Galleries on February 3, 1890. As Mr. Henry Harrisse says, the collection contains "the invaluable first printed letters of Columbus, Vespuccius, and Cortez; the rich series of colonial pamphlets, English, French, and Dutch, and the largest set of Jesuit Relations ever offered for sale." Add to these a precious body of MSS., including Arnold's Journal of the Quebec Expedition, the Dinwiddie papers, Paul Jones's log-book, and the correspondence with Gov. William Livingston of New Jersey, etc., etc.

—*Scribner's* for January opens with a valuable paper upon the problem of water-storage in the arid districts of the extreme West. The geographical and climatic conditions are described with sufficient clearness, the necessary combination of local peculiarities to make large reservoirs possible and useful is explained, and an account is given of the four leading examples of successful works of the sort. The writer shows in some detail the difficulties and the dangers to the public which attend private enterprises in reclaiming these lands, and intimates an opinion that Government must finally step in and supplement the present hydrographic survey by vast public works undertaken in accordance with the results of this ex-

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amination. The article covers a very important and interesting subject, with just enough of fulness and detail. Mr. Brownell contributes some notes upon the Paris Exposition, marked by intelligent criticism and a liberal spirit, and not without practical suggestions for our own forthcoming work of 1892. His remarks upon the Eiffel Tower in particular, upon American painting, and upon the achievements of the French artists during the century, and his strictures upon the Oriental element in the Exposition, are of an interesting character. Tripoli and Spain are treated of in a sympathetic way by Mr. Jacassy and Mr. Finck, the latter of whom confines his attention to the beauty of Spanish women, whom he analyzes and classifies in a minute manner. The electrical article is upon the application of the power in the household, and exhibits an optimistic spirit with regard to the changes to be worked in daily comfort by the extension of the inventions already made. Fiction is well represented; and the number concludes with the new department—"The Point of View"—in the place of the old "end-paper," which we are sorry to part with. The discussions in the "Point of View" are not materially different in spirit from the similar editorial departments in other magazines, and in the present number leave something to be desired.

— The December Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society contains a valuable account of Cyprus by Gen. Sir R. Biddulph, late High Commissioner of the island. In it he dwells especially upon the rapid destruction of the forests, partly by reckless wood-cutting, partly by the goats, which are to be found there in greater numbers than in any other country in the world. The denudation of the hills causes disastrous floods, and the soil washed away from the hillsides chokes the river beds and forms malarious swamps in the great central plain. Then "the locust at once took possession of the barren ground," but against this scourge the English Government has recently waged a successful war of extermination by means of pits lined with zinc. Cyprus "is emphatically a land of peasant proprietors, with the result that there are no wealthy persons and no beggars. Property is universally divided among the children, and again subdivided, so that one hears of a man owning the sixteenth part of a hovel that is not worth as many shillings. To such an extent is the subdivision carried that there are no less than 600,000 registered holdings of real property—*i. e.*, more than three for each inhabitant." This paper is followed by Mr. Stanley's letter to the Society, dated August 17, 1889, and written from Uzinja, a district on the southwestern shores of the Victoria Nyanza. It briefly describes his discovery of the Lake Albert Edward (it is a pity the native name could not have been retained), apparently about 50 miles long and 900 feet above the Albert Nyanza, with which it is connected by the river Semliki. To the east of the river and the lake lay "a lofty range of mountains, the central portion of which is covered with perpetual snow," without doubt Ptolemy's Mountains of the Moon. Accompanying this letter is Lieut. Stairs's account of his unsuccessful attempt to climb one of the snow-capped peaks of this range, which the natives call Ruwenzori. Mr. W. W. Rockhill, formerly Secretary of the American Legation in Peking, gives a short account of his adventurous journey last winter in eastern Tibet. He wore the Tibetan dress, and, as he spoke both Chinese and Tibetan, he had strong hopes of reaching Lhassa; but he was unable to escape the vigilance of the lamas, who compelled him to return to China.

—Under the word *Bourbon*, the New English Dictionary gives the meaning, "a Democrat behind the age and unteachable," with a suggestion that this sense originated not more than five years ago. Another meaning assigned is, "the name of an island in the Indian Ocean, so named in 1642 in honour of the French royal family; whence *Bourbon Palm*, a common name of the genus *Latania*." We naturally expect to see as the next definition, "a county in the State of Kentucky, so named, August 8, 1788, in honour of the French royal family; whence *Bourbon whiskey*, a common name of the genus *intoxicants*." This signification, however, we do not find, nor any approach to it, and it was evidently unknown to Dr. Murray and his contributors. This ignorance speaks well for their temperance, but it ought to be enlightened. It has occasioned an omission which, at least in Kentucky, will be considered a *hiatus maxime deflendus*, and may there stop the sale of the book altogether. The Dictionary, if better informed, would have backed up its amended definition with citations like the following: 1860. Frankfort *Commonwealth*, December 18. Advertisement, "Bourbon whiskey, a large stock of all ages." The name Bourbon was early used without adding "whiskey," as commonly as piano without adding forte. In the self-same issue of the newspaper there is a story of early times in the State where we read, "The Dr., setting down a half-gallon bottle of *old Bourbon*, said," etc. 1873. *Collins's Annals*, January 15. "A barrel of Bourbon whiskey, fifteen years old, was sold at Lexington for $11.55 a gallon for transportation to Hartford, Conn." 1882. *Perrin*, Hist. of Bourbon Co., p. 65. "The manufacture of whiskey is one of the most extensive and valuable interests. It is the universal opinion abroad that all the Bourbon whiskey shipped to every point is the product of Bourbon Co. alone, whence it receives its name. Of all early industries that of whiskey alone has kept pace with the times."

THE MORTE DARTHUR.

Le Morte Darthur. By Syr Thomas Malory. Faithfully reprinted from the original edition (1485) of William Caxton. Edited by H. Oskar Sommer, Ph.D. Vol. I. Text. London: David Nutt.

THE 'Morte Darthur' is the most familiar by name of all early English books; perhaps the most familiar to the general reader of our time of all prose romances before those of Walter Scott. But it has been one of the rarest of well-known books. It is but a few years since it was not known at the New York libraries that there was a copy in America. Now, however, the one perfect copy of the original edition in the world is owned by Mrs. Abby E. Pope of Brooklyn, N. Y. Only one other copy, imperfect, is known. It is in the library of Earl Spencer, bought long ago for £320. This edition was printed by Caxton, who finished the printing, as he tells us, in the Abbey of Westminster on the last day of July, 1485. A new edition was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1498, and another in 1529. Only one copy of each is known to be in existence. There are other black-letter editions, four at least; the last, Stansby's, printed in 1634. All are rare. It was not printed again till 1816. In 1817 an edition appeared under Southey's name. A good edition in its way, by Thomas Wright (1856), and a later Globe edition made the old romance accessible to general readers who read for the story and the style. But for students who wish to be sure of the exact words, the spelling and punctuation, and all that, it has remained inaccessible. Here at last is the very thing that was wanting—a faithful reprint of the original of Caxton, page for page, line for line, word for word. It is printed with clear large types—Roman types, however, in place of the black letter. There are 861 pages on heavy white paper, with ample margins, and it makes a royal volume. The editing and printing give good promise of accuracy. It is from the Ballantyne Press, and edited by H. Oskar Sommer, Ph.D.

Dr. Sommer's special attention was drawn to this book in his Spenser studies. It is used very freely in the 'Faerie Queene.' He found that a new and scholarly edition was needed, and made up his mind to undertake it. Now see how they do such things in Germany. He communicated his intention to his Excellency the Royal Prussian Minister of Public Instruction, Herr Dr. von Gossler, and requested leave of absence for six months. This request was readily complied with, and a grant besides was made him from the public funds to enable him to prosecute his labors. Thus armed and equipped from the Prussian treasury, Dr. Sommer proceeded to the British Museum and set to work upon Earl Spencer's volume. He copied it with his own hands, and read the proofs and revises with the original. Twenty-one pages also had to be collated with Mrs. Pope's volume in Brooklyn. This work occupied the full time of his leave of absence, and we have the result of it in the noble volume now published by Mr. Nutt. A second volume is to contain the apparatus which German scholarship deems necessary for a critical edition of such a masterpiece—an Introduction, dealing with the language and the like, a Treatise on the Sources, Various Readings, an Index, etc. As a compliment and guerdon, perhaps, to English buyers, an essay on Malory's prose style by Andrew Lang is to be added.

This book is a sort of Iliad of Chivalry. The adventures in it had been separately told in ballads and metrical romances, and chanted in baronial halls, for two or three centuries. Coleridge said that he would engage to compile twelve books with characters as distinct and consistent as those in the 'Iliad' from these metrical ballads and other chronicles about King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. It was safe to say. It had been done already by Sir Thomas Malory in the 'Morte Darthur.' There is very much such a plot and unity in it as in the 'Iliad.' Arthur grows up, the Round Table is fitted with knights who have glorious adventures of fighting and of love, then the sin of Launcelot and Guenever sets the knights against each other, and they perish in two bloody battles. The "passing of Arthur" after the battle is familiar to every one in Tennyson's versification of it. Every one who likes it there should read it in Malory. The Queen and Launcelot retire to houses of "*religion*" and *die in the odor of sanctity*. "So whan syr Bors & his felowes came to his bedde they founde hym starke dede & he laye as he had smyled & the swettest sauour aboute hym that euer they felte." Like the 'Iliad,' the 'Arabian Nights,' and all great folk stories, the 'Morte Darthur' has its interest for persons at any age. A boy is ready for it when he is in the early foot-ball stage, reading the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and 'Ivanhoe,' and 'Tom Brown.' There is rushing and tackling of the most vigorous kind at almost every turn. This is the way Sir Gareth and Sir Ironside go on:

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"And thus they foughte tyl it was past none and neuer wold stynte tyl att the laste they both lackt wynde, and thenne they stode wagging, staggering, panting, blowing, and bleeding, so that all that beheld them for the most part wepte for pytie. So whan they had restyd them a whyle, they yede to battle againe, tracing, racing, and foyning as two bores. And at sometime they toke their renne as hit had ben two wild rammys, and hurtled to gyders that somtyme they felle to the erthe groveling; and their armour was so sore hewen that men might see their naked sydes."

Most of the jousts and encounters of adventure do no more damage than a university foot-ball game. Sir Launcelot in one of his adventures "had the better hand of five hundred knights, and yet," exults the chronicler, "there was none slain of them"; to be a murderer, to kill men in jousting, is the greatest shame that a knight may have. The knights can bear any amount of "smiting, racing, tracing, foyning," and the like. Sir Launcelot, for example, fights all day with a spear-head in his side, smites and pulls down more than thirty knights, and then rides off and gets well in a few days. The leeches are often women, and do wonderful cures. The attention of the young reader is held by a rapid succession of adventures, told in the briefest, simplest, and most realistic fashion. If there is any way in which a knight, or a knight and his horse, can be turned "up-so-down," or otherwise put *hors de combat*, which is not here described, it must be some later evolution. The variety of wounds can hardly be matched from Homer. There are some combats with monsters and giants, mostly in foreign countries. When Arthur was subduing the Romans, he met the giant Galapas: "He shorted hym and smote of bothe his legges by the knees, sayenge, Now arte thow better of a sise to dele with than thow were." And he does not leave him to fight upon his stumps like Witherington, in similar doleful dumps, in "Chevy Chase," but smites off his head forthwith; "and the body slew six Saracens in the falling downe," says Wright's edition, but that was not known to Caxton. Sir Servanse is contemptuously described as one "that had neuer courage nor lust to doo batail ageynst no man, but yf it were ageynst gyants & ageynst dragons and wylde beestes." There are also a thousand and one love stories, and as many tricks of magic, and much mystic lore of religion, especially in the quest of the holy grail.

It must be confessed that to an unsympathetic reader there may be something monotonous in the succession of adventures, and the knights and their combats seem all alike, as babies do to bachelors. The shifting figures have something of the Punch and Judy aspect. All the world is a stage—no seasons, no weather, no nature; everybody is always in character, serious—no humor, no laughter, except now and then, when a knight is tumbled up-so-down in jousting, the "queene" or the "haute prince," perhaps, will laugh so sore that they may not stand. But if the old critic, or the philosophic student, is not fascinated by the stories, the book has other charms. It is a vivid picture of the ideals, the characters, the manners, the life of the age of chivalry. Courage, strength, size, activity are primary heroic qualities. "Sir Tristram was called the strongest and biggest knight of the world, for he was bigger than Sir Launcelot, but Sir Launcelot was better breathed." Meekness and gentleness are eminent moral qualities; Sir Launcelot was "the meekest man and the gentlest that ever eate in hall among ladies." Sir Galahad is "demure as a dove." Truthfulness and hatred of treason are among the vows of knighthood and continually shown in remarkable ways. Every knight should be a lover. "Why," said La beale Isoud, "are yee a knight and bee yee no lover? It is a shame unto you." The knights are all fair riders. "What is a knight," says Sir Launcelot, "but when he is on horseback?" Sir Tristram is a "curious harper." They learn hawking, hunting, chess playing, carving. Surgery, medicine, magic, and music are common accomplishments of the ladies; they sometimes compound love potions, but they are wholly unversed in coquetry; they speak their love right out for the heroes who please them. Chastity is the crowning virtue of a knight. Sir Galahad needs be a "pure maide" to win the holy grail. A gentle piety pervades the book, a contrast with 'Piers Ploughman' or Chaucer. The men of "religion," often hermits or "white munks," are pious, good leeches, good confessors. The language of piety is simple and tender: "Faire, sweete Father, Jesu Christ," "Mild mother Mary," "Faire father God." Nice touches abound. Sir Gareth "knightly ate his meat and egerly"; he had "the fairest and the largest hands that ever man saw." "The King wept and dried his eyes with a handkercher." "These Britons brag as though they bare up all the world," says the Roman Emperor's cousin.

For the student of language no English book is more fascinating. It is packed with the most expressive words and idioms just strange enough to stimulate interest, piquant, picturesque, gentle, as well as queer combinations of words which offer grammatical problems as inviting as the particles of Homer. But to the discussion of such matters we shall be introduced by the apparatus of the second volume.

RECENT NOVELS.

Sant' Ilario. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co.

Near to Happiness (À côté du Bonheur). Translated from the French by Frank H. Potter. D. Appleton & Co.

Baldy's Point. By Mrs. J. H. Walworth. Cassell & Co.

In the Wire Grass. By Louis Pendleton. D. Appleton & Co.

The Berkeleys and Their Neighbours. By Mrs. M. Elliot Seawell. American News Co.

Dernier Amour. Par Georges Ohnet. Paris: Paul Ollendorff. New York: F. W. Christern.

The Time of the Cherry Viewing. By Margaret Peale. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mito Yashita: A Tale of Old Japan. By Arthur Collins Maclay. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In 'Sant' Ilario' Mr. Crawford continues the story of those noble Romans who, at the end of 'Saracinesca,' triumphant over enemies, were revelling in peace, wealth, and love. Such bliss never lasts. Though, from an eminence of slain dragons, we look down upon a clear and fragrant path, who may know that there is not a monster behind the rose bushes, biding his time to squirm out and spit sarcastic defiance in streams of fire? Even while Giovanni Saracinesca (Sant' Ilario) and his wife, Corona, were enjoying their honeymoon in the hills, down in the valleys dragons, venomous and resolute, held conclave, and devised a concerted attack, holding themselves ready to strike whenever the too happy pair should reassume the ways and burdens of common mortals.

The dragons' plan of campaign does not entirely conform with that forecast in 'Saracinesca'; it shatters an expectation, founded on inference, that the principal characters are to be involved in those stirring events which brought about the disintegration of Roman society and the unification of Italy. Anastase Gouache, alone of the old set, has anything to do with the insurrection of 1867 and the rout of the Garibaldians at Mentana. The Saracinesca family stands safely aloof from political confusion and historical tragedy, but is plunged in a sea of domestic trouble so stormy that the difficulty in paddling its own canoe excuses indifference to dangers menacing the ship of state. Two calamities, different in kind, yet equally terrible, threaten its prosperity and felicity. The first (and for this the train is laid in 'Saracinesca') is the claim made upon its titles and estates by Giovanni Saracinesca, innkeeper of Aquilla, that stalwart Giovanni whom Donna Tullia Mayer and Ugo del Ferice tried, and tried in vain, to use for evil purposes. The claim is worked up by Prince Montevarchi and his tool, Meschini, with a skill that does credit to unimpeachable ability for roguery of the subtler sort. Here is no discrepancy between imputed character and conduct, but in the management of the secondary intrigue the author takes pains to destroy a character which he had previously constructed with careful elaboration. It is possible that Sant' Ilario might have become insanely jealous of his wife, but a solider foundation and more formidable rival than Anastase Gouache should have been provided to give his jealousy more dignity than appears in the raging of a hot-headed boy, or of an uninstructed savage. Not all the author's explanations and accumulation of circumstantial evidence can make the situation seem to be anything except what it is—spice for half-a-dozen numbers of a magazine—spice apparently so grateful to the public palate that familiarity never breeds disgust. Yet the ingenuity with which the case against Corona and the little French painter is developed is incontestable, and offers cumulative evidence of what has long since been proved, that Mr. Crawford's greatest strength lies in the construction of plot untrammelled by probability.

In this novel, as in its numerous predecessors, there are pages packed full of information concerning phases of life which it is not everybody's luck to see; there are also the usual paragraphs of abstract reflection which it is everybody's misfortune to make for himself, should he not die young. Both instructive and speculative passages have the merit of being almost completely detached from the story, and are frequently irrelevant to the action of the moment. Mr. Crawford promises a third appearance of the Saracinescas. Unless he is prepared to place them in situations that the Smiths could not fill equally well, he should never again disturb that luxurious tranquillity in which for the second time he leaves them.

The name of the French novelists who can be pure without being infantile is not legion. That sentiment which, in literary expression, elevates the passion of love above grossness, while preserving its strength, is an almost exclusive possession of Teutonic races. The lack of this sentiment, at once delicate and rapturous, partly explains why France has produced even less poetry than fiction that for higher spiritual quality is worthy of consideration. Only on the ground of racial defect can one excuse the contempt and insult poured in never-ending torrent by the literary Frenchman upon his countrywomen. The realist who prides himself on reproducing nature and fact is far worse than his frankly conventional predecessor. In the whole world of women he sees nothing but soulless wantons and mindless saints. Some few of the moderns who have imbibed the spirit of other nations have, indeed,

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partially succeeded in delineating a woman who, subjected to the temptation of passion, keeps her self-respect and reputation without appearing as an image of superhuman virtue or a terrible example of maudlin sentimentality. The author of 'Near to Happiness'—whoever he may be—is not in the thin ranks of the redeeming minority. Mme. Sténie d'Ericey, his heroine, was born immaculate, her secure virtue being properly supplemented by a dollish intelligence. The devil is as attentive to her as he is supposed to have been to St. Anthony, and by this assiduity greatly damages his reputation as a judge of human character. The dullest reader can predict that Madame d'Ericey will never fall, and can feel nothing but wonder that the tempter should waste so much time. The people who surround Madame d'Ericey share her mental flabbiness, though not always her moral worth. The movement of the story is slow and broken, and the author seems to be quite devoid of that sense for form and literary proportion which often begets charity for his monotonously indecent compatriots.

The three Southern stories, 'Baldy's Point,' 'In the Wire Grass,' and 'The Berkeleys and their Neighbours,' have no rank as literature, and are inferior specimens of sectional fiction. Yet in all there is attraction for intelligent attention, if intelligent attention should happen to fall upon them. In three widely distant localities people are shown taking up life after everything that made life worth living had been swept away, facing an absolutely new array of facts, and, harder still, submitting to new ideals of right and wrong thrust upon them at the bayonet's point. One impression, conveyed forcibly and dispassionately, is that the Northern ideal of the negro's equality with his white brother has never been accepted by the South. As the years go by, calm judgment seems to confirm bitter prejudice, and the realization of that ideal assumes pathetic hopelessness. In the sanest Southern fiction the negro is individually a brute, or a buffoon, or a slave still in his behavior and feeling; *en masse*, negroes are no more like rational mature whites than a child decked in her mother's bonnet and gown is like a woman.

Mrs. Walworth, whose book is, in style, construction, and grasp of character, much the best of the three under consideration, presents the negro individually as a revengeful brute, an impertinent wench, and a superstitious heathen. In groups they appear as hordes of children or lunatics, intrusted with dangerous weapons, and possessing the physical power of men to use them with deadly effect.

Mr. Pendleton dwells upon the faithful though free-tongued servitor who has clung to the "Ole Mars," or to the "Ole Miss," through so many volumes of fiction, and who here displays no original characteristics. The family life of his Uncle Tony, Maum Chloe, and their wiry-haired daughter Silvey has none of the dulness of assured respectability, and Uncle Tony's answer to an inquiry about Silvey fairly illustrates the negro's practice of social morality:

"Who Silvey? She 'way down een Flur'dy now. She done mai'ed, an' gone away long ago. She been mai'ed six er seben times; *she* call it marryin'. She mai'ed Cæsar Brown fust, but she wa'n't deh een dat town tree munse fo' she got tired uv him, an' quit 'im. Dat de way wid niggers. Yer can't larn um nut'n. Many's de day I beat dat gal tell she couldn' see straight, an' yit she went right 'long an' done dat-a-way."

Mrs. Seawell's leading negro, the Colonel's body-servant, Petrarch, is a pure buffoon, characterized by genuine fun. Petrarch regards himself as the Lord's elect, his preferred spokesman. He overflows with caricature of Biblical parable and phrase, from which he cannot refrain even when his choleric master is raging about the defeat of a favorite horse.

"Ole Marse," he cries, "I done tole you Dashaway warn't fitten to run at de very startment. He been a mighty good hoss, but he c'yarn snuffle de battle fum befo' an' say hay! hay! like de hoss in de Bible, no mo'."

Hitherto the possession of so dramatic a subject as the war and its consequences has saved Southern writers from romanticism and cheap sensation. It is not encouraging to find them deliberately adopting these showy expedients for creating interest. Mrs. Walworth is the most culpable because she knows and has done so much better. The main plot of her 'Baldy's Point' is well conceived, and its culmination verges closely on logical tragedy. There is no excuse for the injection of such sentimental nonsense as Van Dorn's self-sacrifice for the sake of a crazy child.

The plot of 'In the Wire Grass' is a succession of extravagances carried on by people devoid of common sense. The poor whites have indeed a little of that desirable property, not entirely hidden by their outlandish dialect. Mrs. Mathis is a person of marked originality, and with a fine perception of the punishment that would fit the crime. Her daughter having run away with a peddler of lightning-rods, and died in consequence, maternal wrath, and grief, and shame cried aloud: "I wish I had a hold o' him—*I'd* show 'im—I'd do 'im worse'n ef one of his own lightnin'-rods was jammed down his throat—so I would!"

The absurdity of the later development of plot in 'The Berkeleys' destroys the hope inspired by the first chapters, and fills one with distrust of the author's capability for better things. The faults of erratic grammar and amateurish composition which are conspicuous throughout the story might easily be corrected, but the wild excursion into the arena of politics betokens an absence of that critical faculty without which no solid literary reputation was ever made.

'Dernier Amour' is the title of M. Georges Ohnet's latest novel, which ran as a feuilleton in *Figaro* during the past summer and fall, and now appears as a volume. It is not quite clear how M. Ohnet means his title to be taken. The only time he uses the phrase in his book he applies it to that afterglow of tenderness which sometimes succeeds a passion. But there is none of this feeling in the book. Everybody in it is rent and torn by emotions of quite another sort, although they express them with much decency of speech, and with a great effusion of generous and noble sentiments. 'Dernier Amour' cannot be said to be markedly above or markedly below M. Ohnet's usual level. It fatally lacks distinction. It does not really touch life at all, or anywhere. Its action passes not on earth, but in novel-land, on the continent of Nowhere. Its characters are heroes and heroines, not men and women. Its drama runs not as life does, or true love, but with the smoothness of a machine, and, of course, it "ends well."

Such books as this may, perhaps, find excuse for being—they help an idle hour to pass when one is in a mood to be not over-exacting; they are crowned by the Academy; they sell in two hundred and fifty editions; but, after all, they are "books that are no books." To look for art in them is as vain as to look for life. They show no perfection of style, no research of phrase, no careful observation, no originality, nothing that is alive or has been lived. Even in point of morality not all that is asserted in their behalf can be readily granted. There are people, not wholly depraved, who feel that the atmosphere of the stables and dung-heaps of the latest realism, of which the world seems now to be growing weary, is in truth healthier than the stuffiness of M. Georges Ohnet's furnished lodgings.

In Japan a picnic is called *hana-mi*, or flower-viewing, though the idea of the flowers and the outing is as much associated with trees as with garden plants. The procession of the flowers continues from January to December, and the popular divisions of the year are usually named after the particular bloom of the month or season—plum, cherry, azalea, chrysanthemum, camellia, etc. Upon this background of fact, added to that of the national wealth of bric-à-brac, art products and instincts, harmonies of costume and color, an æsthetically inclined Boston lady has projected a bright little story which culminates in a proposal of marriage ('The Time of the Cherry Viewing'). Nagasaki, Kobé, Yokahama, and Tokio are the places visited; and this feminine admirer of tiny tea-pots, her sister, a missionary made usefully "tactless" to fit well into the story, and a supposed mercantile tourist and cold-blooded debaser of Japanese art, are the characters. Fortunately for the purpose of the novelist, the "drummer" turns out to be one who at heart lives up to his old Satsuma, and is withal wealthy. After much bright conversational fencing, many charming bits of chat about keramics, and not a few feminine episodes, it issues that the two souls with but a single thought as to Japanese porcelain become potentially one for marriage. The proposal comes just as the breeze shakes down upon the heads of the lovers in Uyéno "pale petals of tender bloom," "like faint rosy drops for the christening of love," and her "ungloved right hand" is yielded "with a sigh of supremest content." The story is told with striking truth to the far-Oriental background and environment.

Mr. Maclay, the author of 'A Bundle of Letters from Japan,' has attempted the writing of "a feudal romance descriptive of the decline of the Shogunate, and of the downfall of the Tokugawa family, in a neat duodecimo of four hundred and twenty-six pages. Mr. Maclay's method of writing books will, if persisted in, always expose him to just fault-finding by critic and reader, for his book is really a "three-volume novel," though not of the English sort. He begins his "romance" with an encyclopædia, and ends it with a volume of metaphysics. His really good story occupies, strictly speaking, the middle third of the book. The central incident, around which all others are grouped, is the assassination of the regent Ii Kamon no Kami, the daimio of Hikoné, by a party of Mito *ronins* on the 23d of March, 1860. He pictures the conditions of life in Japan at the coming of Perry, and, with remarkable knowledge of the feudal era and system, lifts the veil to show the plots and counter-plots which the dual system produced. His characters, indeed, are all drawn in external outline, and differ only in superficies. His English, abounding in colloquialisms, slang, violent changes of tenses, and slovenly use of adverbs, detracts from the dignity and pathos of his theme. Wonderfully accurate in many nice or obscure points of Japanese history, he yet makes some curious slips. The word *bakufu*, used in modern days usually by critics or opponents of the old Yedo Government, he puts in the mouth of its servants and admirers. In his eyes, Ben-ten, the goddess of mercy, a female, is always a he, the author probably meaning Ebisu. He writes *hattomotos* for *hatamoto*.

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He follows Sir Rutherford Alcock, a rather uncertain authority, for his history. He makes the common route to Echizen by way of Shinano, instead of the Tokaido. Yet, notwithstanding these slight and unimportant slips, he has told a story of singular and fascinating interest. The duel between Junzo and the spy, the tortures once so common and now abolished in Japan, the sojourn of the family in Kii, the marriage of the lovers, and many other incidents, are related with skill and power. Very few pictures of feudal Japan have as yet been made available to the Western world, and this sketch by Mr. Maclay is the best yet drawn by a foreigner.

Christopher Columbus and the Discovery of the New World. From the French of M. le Marquis de Belloy. With eight illustrations on steel and fifty-one drawings on wood, by Léopold Flameng and others. New edition. Philadelphia: Gebbie & Barrie. 1889. 8vo.

THE original work, published about twelve years ago, of which this is a translation, was written for the instruction of the author's nephew; and the publishers of this English edition inform us "that it has been universally pronounced the best history of the voyages of Columbus that the world has seen." Those, however, who have read Irving's 'Life and Voyages of Columbus' and the compendious life of Columbus by Helps, being chapters from that author's 'Spanish Conquest of America,' with additions, will find nothing new of importance in this compilation by the Marquis of Belloy. His narrative is diffuse and often fanciful, many of its incidents being as mythical as some of those related of Washington by Weems, or of Napoleon by John S. C. Abbott.

Humboldt has said that "the majesty of grand recollections seems concentrated on the illustrious name of Columbus." His originality, his genius, his misfortunes, his patient endurance under long-continued injustice, have placed him among the consecrated few whose lives and actions should be considered seriously and respectfully. The Marquis has written his book in the modern French hysterical style, and, while the facts given are in the main authentic, much that is imaginative is mingled with them, so that an unreal effect is produced, and the whole work seems like a romance. The arrival of Columbus in Spain and his object in going there is referred to as follows: "Why did Columbus go to Spain? Because he thought he should find there what he had not found elsewhere; he scented the woman from afar." The "woman" thus inelegantly referred to was Queen Isabella. His first meeting with the Queen is described as follows:

"At last his eyes beheld the wondrous being who was the glory, the honor, the salvation of Christendom. And she was all that his fancy had pictured, as fair as she was great, etc., etc.; her hair auburn inclining to red, her eyes of a clear blue, like Columbus's own, with a benign and earnest expression. Once their gaze had met, once those two souls had exchanged mutual recognition, the miracle was accomplished, the unity of the world was achieved."

Later he found a second Isabella, the beautiful and confiding Anacoana—the name signifying "Golden Flower"; and the author, assuming that the lost portions of the journals of Columbus must have contained a good deal that related to her, goes on to weave much romance about the part this fascinating savage *may have played* in the discoveries of the great navigator.

There are many portraits of Columbus, none of them authentic or bearing close correspondence to the description of his person given by his son. The Marquis has prefixed to his volume an entirely new portrait, invented by his artist, following the indications furnished by Fernando Columbus and others. This picture presents a fine-looking cavalier, whose appearance might account for his success with susceptible queens, but who is quite unlike the typical Christ-bearing Saint Christopher whose face is believed by many to have been a portrait of Columbus.

Notwithstanding systematic and extended researches, few additions of importance have been made to what was discovered about Columbus by Navarrete, upon whose collections Irving's work was mainly based. The admirable life by Helps contains some matter not in Irving, but the charming work by our own countryman is not likely to be superseded for English readers. Had the publisher of this translation placed it in competent hands to be shorn of extraneous matter, revised, with additions readily accessible, it might have filled a place which in its present form it is not likely to occupy. The illustrations in the original work formed its chief attraction; the reproductions in this edition are not successful.

A Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy. By George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 1889.

AMATEUR astronomers and a circle of general readers will naturally welcome the fourth edition of what might be called 'Chambers's Encyclopædia of Popular Astronomy,' which will expand to more than double the size of the preceding edition if the present volume, treating of the Sun, Planets, and Comets, which is the first of three, to be followed shortly by the second and in a twelvemonth by the last, can be taken as a criterion.

Mr. Chambers is a barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple, whose literary productions, as cited on the title-page of his astronomy, range from an English, French, and German dictionary to a digest of laws relating to the public health. We might fear that the treatment of so great a subject as astronomy by an author so prolific in other fields would be quite superficial. But if we measure depth by extent of reading and quantity of information, no such charge can be brought against him. No other English work on the subject approaches his in the number of its citations or the encyclopedic character of its contents. Moreover, the beauty of the typography is such as to produce, at first sight, a most favorable impression. The author writes so like an enthusiastic devotee of his subject that one wonders how he could ever have worked upon anything else. The reader finds, in sumptuous typography and clear, vigorous language, what astronomers of many generations have observed and thought upon celestial phenomena of every kind, and what conclusions investigators have reached in every part of the field. And yet he may find himself disappointed at the end of nearly every chapter. This will be the case if he wishes to know, authoritatively, which of the numerous conclusions passed in review are established, what are doubtful, and what disproved by more recent researches. In fact, the book is as uncritical as it is exhaustive. The blunders of the inexperienced observer, the fancies of the enthusiastic one, and the speculations of the undisciplined one all go in with the established results of the profound and careful investigator.

Although astronomy is, in certain of its branches, the most exact of the sciences, its literature teems with unscientific or inexact conclusions. An uncritical observer, with a small and imperfect telescope, may see, or think he sees, an endless variety of things which are really due to the badness of his instrument, his failure to adjust it for good seeing, the undulations of the atmosphere, or his own misinterpretations, and, above all, his own fancy. The more improbable the result of his observation, the more attention and discussion it may excite among amateurs, and the better chance it runs of being quoted by uncritical writers. It is a part of the business of a popular writer to separate the wheat from the chaff in such cases, and this is what Mr. Chambers fails to do. Thus he devotes eleven pages to the supposed planet or planets "Vulcan," between Mercury and the Sun, although the negative evidence that no such planet was ever seen is conclusive to every astronomer who gives it due weight. Saturn, its rings and satellites, take up forty-two pages, illustrated by numerous views by observers of all classes using telescopes of all sizes up to the great Lick instrument. But the observations with the latter are the only ones in fine print, and no statement or criticism of general conclusions is found. In cases like these, which are characteristic of the whole book, the experienced astronomer can take everything at its true value, but how shall the general reader be able to reach a conclusion?

The Sun receives hardly his share of attention; some new cuts and material have been added, but one looks almost in vain for reference to much of the recent work in this line. There is a promise to treat of spectroscopy in a subsequent volume. In connection with the Planets we have a good résumé of interesting data arranged with care, while the full descriptions of recent eclipses are of value as presenting verbatim reports from many observers, fully illustrated with new cuts. The subject of Comets has been considerably amplified, and is perhaps the best feature of the book. It is supplemented by convenient and full tables, which are the most complete of any accessible to the majority of readers.

The Reconstruction of Europe: A Sketch of the Diplomatic and Military History of Continental Europe from the Rise to the Fall of the Second French Empire. By Harold Murdock. With an Introduction by John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. 12mo, pp. 421.

THERE is a scarcity of English books on the eventful period extending from 1850 to 1870, a period well worthy of study and commemoration. Hardly ever before in the world's history have two decades witnessed such widespread and far-reaching upheavals—political, social, intellectual, and moral. The caldron is still seething, and no man can foresee the last outcome; but it is safe to prophesy that the latter half of the nineteenth century will stand out in future histories as an era of momentous events in both hemispheres, a time of great progress and emancipation, not unmixed with humiliating episodes. The theme is well fitted to inspire some great writer to produce an immortal work; but for such a work the time is, perhaps, not yet ripe. For the present we must content ourselves with fragmentary and partial recitals, compiled with more or less literary skill from contemporary records.

Mr. Murdock's book will be welcome to readers who are not familiar with any language but the English, although it treats of only a section of history. By his title he confines him-

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self to the continent of Europe, and in his treatment he confines himself still further to an almost exclusively military point of view. What he has really written is a history of the European wars from 1850 to 1870, with brief remarks on intervening events. His descriptions of battles and campaigns are accurate and lucid; but their length and minuteness are out of proportion to the scale on which his book is laid out. As a natural consequence, he is compelled to relegate the political development to a secondary place, and to despatch it with a meagreness that can hardly satisfy a reader who has no access to other sources of information. Mr. Murdock's style is not easy or elegant, nor even always correct. What he is especially to be commended for is the closeness with which he has studied and followed his authorities. In a "bibliographical note" he gives a list of these authorities, in which there are many omissions, and some important ones. Thus, while he mentions the Prussian staff reports on the wars of 1866 and 1870, he seems to know nothing of the staff report on the Danish war of 1864, which was published in 1886 and 1887. Again, Moritz Busch's 'Our Chancellor' is mentioned, but not his more notable book on 'Bismarck and his People during the War with France.' A number of other works are conspicuous by their absence, such as Lowe's 'Bismarck,' Édouard Simon's 'Emperor William,' Taxile Delord's 'History of the Second Empire,' to say nothing of recently published memoirs and journals which throw light on the period, or of reprints from newspapers, like the two volumes entitled 'International Relations,' in which the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* collected his letters from 1866 to 1870.

Portraits of Friends. By John Campbell Shairp. With a sketch of Principal Shairp, by William Young Sellars, and an etched portrait. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

THIS little volume gathers up the reminiscences of a half-dozen eminent friends which Principal Shairp contributed to the material used by their biographers, and is introduced by recollections of Shairp himself (from the pen of Mr. Sellars) incorporated in Prof. Knight's memoir of the essayist. The material is therefore not new, but the collection of it in a volume by itself makes a charming record of friendship to which the personal feeling and taste of Principal Shairp give not only unity but a touch of intimacy, of modest and half-concealed autobiography, delightful in both style and matter. Mr. Sellars's sketch describes Shairp's life and character, places him in the same class as Christopher North among his countrymen, illustrates his temper and pursuits, and brings out prominently his local attachment—so great that he counted a summer wasted that was not spent in Scotland. The following papers by Shairp himself, however, are the heart of the volume. They are upon Thomas Erskine of Linlathen; Cotton, Bishop of Calcutta; Dr. John Brown; Norman Macleod; Campbell, the leader of the sect cut off from the Scotch Church; John Mackintosh of Geddes, and Clough. The closeness of most of these men to Scotland, and the fact that the background of these friendships was the Scotch landscape, give a prevailing local tone. The Scotch genius—its severity and seriousness on the one hand, its spirituality and speculative bent on the other, in religious matters—the glow of feeling which in some of these men reached almost a poetical pitch, and particularly their serviceableness to their times, are the moral traits that make their characters of interest; and, winding in and out with all this is the cord of kind and affectionate feeling which united them one with another. Thomas Erskine especially is a man of whom those who feel the charm of a pure and gentle nature cannot learn enough, and the quality of his manhood is rendered by Principal Shairp with great felicity. He and Norman Macleod are most fully drawn, but in the former the age and in the latter the youth of their days are dwelt upon. Cotton, too, who was Shairp's associate at Rugby, is sympathetically described. Little incidents of common life, walks and visits in the Scotch hills and along the rivers, scenes of college days at Glasgow and Oxford, are the humble background on which the private character of these "laborers in the vineyard" is relieved; and the combined effect of all this piety, sincerity, high aim, and performance answering to it, friendly helpfulness in youth and sober friendship in manhood, gives a peculiar and fine pleasure. It is a chapter of Scottish life in the middle of this century which, it seems to us, could hardly be better told than in this brief and unpretending way.

Foggerty's Fairy, and Other Tales. By W. S. Gilbert. London: George Routledge & Sons.

TWENTY years ago half-a-dozen clever young men gathered about the late Tom Hood, who was then editing *Fun* and issuing the early numbers of *Hood's Comic Annual*. Among them were Mr. Clement Scott, now an adapter of French plays and the theatrical critic of the London *Telegraph;* the late T. W. Robertson, author of "Caste"; the late Jeff Prowse, whose "Nicholas's Notes" is yet a delight to the few who recall its pleasant humor; and Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who was then contributing the "Bab Ballads" to *Fun*, and writing fairy tales for *Hood's Comic Annual*. From the "Bab Ballads" and from these fairy tales Mr. Gilbert has derived the characters and the plots of most of his later plays. In the present volume may be found the narrative originals of "Foggerty's Fairy," the "Sorcerer," the "Wicked World," "Creatures of Impulse," and "Comedy and Tragedy." Although often humorous in conception, and full of whim and fantasy, these tales are obviously artificial, and they are wholly lacking in the delicate art by which Mr. Stockton, for example, makes his impossibilities seem possible. They were apparently written hurriedly to meet an unexpected demand; and in manner most of them are injured by the tone of factitious and confidential jocularity which is the bane of most contemporary British humor, and which is not far removed from artistic vulgarity.

Of the score of pieces in this book, there are here and there four articles not to be classed as "Tales" by any possible stretch of the word, and these are perhaps the best things in the book. Two are Shaksperian in subject—one an inquiry into our real acquaintance with the unacted plays of Shakspere, and the other a lively skit, "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," on certain of the peculiarities of my lord *Hamlet* as he is acted. The other two papers—"A Stage Play" and "Actors, Authors, and Audiences"—have to do with the writing and production of a play. The account of the making of "A Stage Play" is slightly exaggerated with humorous intent, but essentially it is exact, and it may, therefore, be recommended to all who desire to see how a professional dramatist works. The paper on "Actors, Authors, and Audiences" is a dramatized discussion, in which the author sets forth the difficulties of the writer of an original play. Incidentally it is recorded that the author of the "Wedding March" made £2,000 by his two days' labor in adapting "Le Chapeau de paille d'Italie" of the late M. Labiche. This statement may be relied on, as the adapter was Mr. Gilbert himself.

And this suggests a curious inquiry. A few years ago a New York publisher chose to reprint in a cheap pamphlet the librettos of certain of Mr. Gilbert's amusing comic operas. This act is permissible under American law, although morally indefensible. In recognition of the English author's moral right, the American publisher sent him a check for a small sum of money. This Mr. Gilbert indignantly gave to a hospital, issuing a most sarcastic letter. But Mr. Gilbert's adapting of M. Labiche's play was also an act permissible under the British law (as it then stood), although morally indefensible. So far as we know, Mr. Gilbert has never expressed any contrition for this violation of the ethics of literary property. So far as we know, the English author never offered to pay the French author even the smallest sum for the use of the play, although, by his own showing in the book before us, the adapter made a profit of $10,000 from two days' labor on M. Labiche's comedy.

London: A Pilgrimage. By Gustave Doré and Blanchard Jerrold. Harper & Brothers.

THIS reissue of Doré's strange rendering of what he saw in London affords an inexpensive and sufficiently complete specimen of this artist's later style, which indeed was not so very different from his original style as the change in the character of the subjects would have made appropriate and desirable. The singular exaggeration, not exactly in the line of caricature, but partaking of the same nature; the theatrical force obtained by deliberately ignoring many of the most important characteristics of the object represented, and insisting upon one only; and a certain pessimistic tone, which makes the hideous, the foul, the brutal unduly prominent, even in subjects where it is naturally strong—all these, which were in place in the books which gave Doré his reputation, such as the 'Contes Drolatiques' and the 'Wandering Jew,' seem singularly ill-adapted to the representations of life in a modern city. In the way of portraiture, whether of the buildings of a city or the vehicles, steamboats, and the like in which its traffic is carried on, or the crowds which fill up its streets, or the individuals composing those crowds, Doré is weak. Nothing can be more absurdly unlike the objects represented than his drawings. Moreover, he is monotonous beyond belief—twenty strong men at work with shovels are but twenty sketches of the same strong man; and his fashionable ladies are all cut out from the same pattern, which pattern has served, also, in its time, for his flaunting dames of the Renaissance. He is perfectly indifferent, too, to the comparative nature of the objects that he represents. In the large plate, "Inside the Docks," opposite page 26, the shrouds of the near ships are as massive as the distant warehouses, and the sailors standing among them seem as if they were grouped on the peaks of an iceberg, while the yards of the shipping are made to resemble heavy cannon. In short, there are few of those qualities which one would say *à priori* were needed for a book-illustrator that Doré does not visibly and most strikingly lack. That, in spite of these many faults, his work still has force, and is capable of exciting interest, is proof of its having some transcendent qualities of its own which it is

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as hard to describe as to admit, when one feels the full force of its falsity and ugliness.

The text, by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, though evidently written to the illustrations, and on that account without much system, and not very consecutive, has still a certain value as giving a Londoner's idea of London, high and low, in the fourth quarter of the nineteenth century.

The Poetry of Tennyson. By Henry Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1889.

SOME chapters of this study of Tennyson have appeared in magazine form, but the greater part is new, and the whole is a rationally arranged survey of the poet's entire work, relieved by a few episodical chapters upon special questions, such as his resemblances to Milton and his use of the Bible. The author's reverence for Tennyson is very great, but it does not prevent his recognizing the pungent justice of Lockhart's criticism on the poet's early faults of taste, or his denominating "Maud" and "The Princess" "two splendid failures," or his occasionally indulging himself in phrases more noticeable for cleverness than for respect. The most interesting portion of his criticism is in the examples he gives of the alterations in the poems which illustrate Tennyson's refinement of taste increasing with years and practice; these are well selected and afford in some instances amusement. In the more original portions, however, as in the attempt to liken Tennyson to Milton, the critic is less successful. The argument from the use of double words by the two poets is exceedingly weak; the comparison of Tennyson's experience in losing his friend Arthur Hallam to Milton's experience in going into the service of England, is altogether superfine and in the air; and even in the love of natural and ideal beauty which they shared, the differences far exceed the similarities in their genius. Certainly, too, the attitude of the two towards woman is a point which only a critic with a case would have attempted to reconcile. It is true that, in the case of "The Princess," its "length is greater than its excellence," but we hesitate on that ground alone to call the poem a "failure"; it is a "failure" only in the sense that it falls short of Tennyson's most noble work, though it will be readily admitted that it suffers from faults inherent in its conception and structure. On the other hand, we cannot follow the critic in the high estimate he puts upon the three dramas which he names an historical trilogy. In all this there seems something of the eccentricity of individual preference.

In fact, the more we examine the volume, the more we find in it to question in points of detail; but the spirit is excellent, the treatment displays intelligence and attention in a part of literature where these qualities are not common, and we welcome any volume which directs the mind of the public to Tennyson's great poetical achievement, so inadequately realized now, which is in itself so true in feeling, so fine in art, so various and high-spirited, and, in our judgment, with a wisdom not inferior to its commanding beauty. The work of Tennyson is the single literary glory of his age in the region where art and thought are blended into one; and study of it, even if occasionally marred by superficiality and eccentricity, can only result in good.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aldrich, H. L. Arctic Alaska and Siberia. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. $1.50.
Allen, T. W. Notes on Abbreviations in Greek Manuscripts. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Almanach de Gotha. Gotha: J. Perthes; New York: B. Westermann & Co.
Anecdotes Nouvelles: Lectures faciles et amusantes. New York: Charles E. Merrill & Co. 40 cents.
Armstrong, W. Cleopatra's Daughter: Romance of a Branch of Roses. Boston: De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.
Babyland. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. 75 cents.
Bali, V. Travels in India by Jean Baptiste Tavernier, Baron of Aubonne. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. $12.
Banning and Blessing. Thomas Whittaker. $1.05.
Björuström, Dr. F. Hypnotism: its History and Present Development. New York: Humboldt Publishing Co. 75 cents.
Brandt, Prof. H. C. G. German Reader for Beginners. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Bryant, W. C. Ulysses among the Phœnicians. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 15 cents.
Buchheim, Emma S. German Poetry for Beginners. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 50 cents.
Bunyan, John. A Book for Boys and Girls; or, Country Rhymes for Children. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50.
Burnett, Frances H. A Quiet Life. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 25 cents.
Church, A. J. The Story of Early Britain. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Cicero on Friendship and Old Age, literally translated by C. R. Edmonds. Scribner & Welford.
Common-Sense Arithmetic for Common Schools. Part I. A. Lovell & Co.
Cook, J. An Eastern Tour at Home. Philadelphia: David McKay.
Coppée, F. Henriette: or, A Corsican Mother. Worthington & Co.
Craven, Mrs. D. Guide to District Nurses. Macmillan & Co. 75 cents.
Crusader Programs. For the Loyal Temperance Union, &c. Chicago: Woman's Temperance Publication Association. 25 cents.
Culver, Amelia J. Every-Day Biography. Fowler & Wells Co. $1.50.
Curtis, Emma G. The Administratrix. John B. Alden.
Dabney, W. D. The Public Regulation of Railways. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Davies, N. E. Foods for the Fat. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 75 cents.
Day, Hester. A Snow Flower. James Pott & Co. 35 cents.
Döring, A. Philosophische Güterlehre. Berlin: R. Gaertner.
Dunton, L. The World and its People. 2 vols. Boston: Silver, Burdette & Co. 36 cents each.
Ely, Prof. R. T. Social Aspects of Christianity, and Other Essays. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 90 cents.
Fontaine, C. Les Poètes Français du XIXe Siècle. Wm. R. Jenkins. $1.50.
Fresneau, Mme. A. Theresa at San Domingo: A Tale of the Negro Insurrection of 1791. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.
Ganong, W. F. The Economic Mollusca of Acadia. St. John, N. B.: Barnes & Co. 50 cents.
Gilman, Mrs. B. Saint Theresa of Avila. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Gordon, Anna A. Songs of the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Chicago: Woman's Temperance Publication Association. 25 cents.
Graham, Dr. D. Massage: Kort Framställning. Lund: C. W. K. Gleerup; Boston: Carl Schoenhof.
Green, S. M. Crime: Its Nature, Causes, Treatment and Prevention. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.
Griffis, Rev. W. E. The Lily among Thorns: A Study of the Biblical Drama entitled the Song of Songs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Heatley, Kingdon, Scudder. Gradatim: An Easy Latin Translation Book for Beginners. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Henry, Mrs. S. M. I. The Unanswered Prayer; or, Why Do So Many Children of the Church go to Ruin? Chicago: Woman's Temperance Publication Association. 50 cents.
Henry, Mrs. S. M. I. Frances Raymond's Investment; or, The Cost of a Boy. Chicago: Woman's Temperance Publication Association. 50 cents.
Herrick, Christine T. Cradle and Nursery. Harper & Bros.
Holberg, L. Niels Klim's Wallfahrt in die Unterwelt. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Hugo, V. Bug Jargal. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Irving, J. Supplement to the Annals of Our Time. 1878–1887. Macmillan & Co. $2.75.
Kempis, T. Musica Ecclesiastica: The Imitation of Christ, in Rhythmic Sentences. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $1.
Lamb, C. Essays of Elia. 2 vols. London: David Stott; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Lanza, Marquise C. Basil Morton's Transgression. Minerva Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Latch, E. B. Indications of the Book of Job. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Lowell, Rev. R. The New Priest of Conception Bay. New ed. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.50.
Macfarlane, Prof. A. Elementary Mathematical Tables. Boston: Ginn & Co. 85 cents.
Macgibbon, D., and Ross, T. The Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland from the Twelfth to the Eighteenth Century. Vol. III. Edinburgh: David Douglas.
May, Dr. C. H. Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene. Wm. Wood & Co.
Mead, Prof. C. M. Supernatural Revelation: An Essay concerning the Basis of the Christian Faith. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $2.50.
Menger, R. Countess Loreley: A Novel. D. Appleton & Co. 75 cents.
Mitchell, Dr. Kate. The Drink Question. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
Morgan, T. J. Studies in Pedagogy. Boston: Silver, Burdette & Co. $1.75.
Moulton, Louise C. In the Garden of Dreams: Lyrics and Sonnets. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Murray, G. G. A. Gobi or Shamo: A Story of Three Songs. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Myers, P. V. N. The Eastern Nations and Greece. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Palgrave, Mary E. In Charge: A Story of Rough Times. Thomas Whittaker. $1.05.
Pinkerton, T. The Spanish Ponlard: A Tale. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
Rawlinson, Prof. G. History of Phœnicia. Longmans, Green & Co. $6.
Reid, Ross and Bamfield. The Book of Wedding Days. Longmans, Green & Co. $6.
Rémusat, P. de. Thiers. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.
Russell, C. H. Euripides: Hecuba. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Schubin, O. Erlach Court. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Seward, Olive Risley. Around the World Stories. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Smith, B. G. From Over the Border; or, Light on the Normal Life of Man. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.; New York: F. E. Grant. $1.
Taylor, J. Notes of Lessons for Young Teachers. Boston: School Supply Co. 50 cents.

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